

THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



The West and Soviet Eurasia--Ross Hoffman

August 1945

J. F. Powers—Jerry Cotter—Douglas Woodruff

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Personal Mention

► **Ross Hoffman**, author of several books on international affairs, has established a deserved reputation in this field, especially through *The Great Republic*, published by Sheed & Ward, and *Durable Peace*, published by the Oxford University Press. Dr. Hoffman is Associate Professor of European History in the Graduate School of Fordham University.

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► **Lucile Hasley**, who is married to an English professor at Notre Dame, started writing five years ago when she won five dollars for fifty words on why she liked Corn Niblets. Since then she has appeared in *Mademoiselle*, *Woman's Day*, *Parents'*, *Extension*, etc. Mrs. Hasley was educated at Milwaukee-Downer College and the University of Wisconsin. She describes herself as being "a convert with the usual apostolic itch."

► **Bob Deindorfer** continues the series, *A Sign Sport Story*, begun last month. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri, was honorably discharged from the U. S. Marine Corps, and is now in the Sports Department of United Press.

THE Sign

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Cover photo from N.B.C.: Fibber McGee & Molly
with Don Quinn
Drawings on P. 6-7 Courtesy Foreign Policy Ass'n

Vol. 25 - No. 1

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$3.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year. • All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. • Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication. • Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Circulation Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to take effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6892. • Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Part 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925. • All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index.

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Editorial

Charter of the United Nations

IN spite of its patent defects we should accept the Charter of the United Nations and utilize every means that it offers for fostering peace. President Truman was obviously right in telling the Senate that "the choice is not between this Charter and something else. It is between this Charter and no charter at all."

But acceptance of the Charter does not take away the right—nor for that matter the duty—of criticism. For the Charter has many and serious defects.

In spite of the fair words in the preamble to the Charter and in the Chapter on International Trusteeship, no definite assurance of any kind is given the millions of people in colonial and mandated territories that they will acquire their independence in the foreseeable future. Surely something more positive and concrete should have been offered these peoples in a Charter established "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small." In this as in many other things we are in danger of being hypnotized by high-sounding phrases into mistaking words for deeds.

ANOTHER defect is that to a large extent the Charter leaves the smaller nations out in the cold. They exercise almost no power and the only right of which they are assured is the right to blow off steam in the General Assembly. Whatever effect their discussions and recommendations have will depend almost entirely on the big five in the Security Council.

The greatest defect of the Charter is that the veto powers granted the big five on the Security Council are so wide that the organization has no means of controlling the powerful nations—and this in spite of the fact that another world war in the foreseeable future would come from the ranks of these five. If the Charter had been in operation before the present war and Germany and Japan had been members of the United Nations, they could have followed their course of aggression without any effective interference by the simple device of vetoing any action the other powers might attempt to take.

Perhaps the Charter as written is the best that could

be hoped for under the circumstances. The Holy Father diagnosed the situation accurately when he said: "We should indeed all rejoice that in Europe we have arrived at the end of a war of giants. . . . But . . . we are still far from that great serenity of spirit out of which humanity awaits, as the fruit of its efforts and sorrows, a wise and just peace."

AS the passions of war die down and the fears and suspicions of the victors abate we should exert every influence at our disposal to remedy the defects of the Charter and to provide improvements. President Truman had this in mind when he said: "Improvements will come in the future as the United Nations gain experience with the machinery and methods which they have set up. For this is not a static treaty. It can be improved—and as the years go by, it will be—just as our own Constitution has been improved."

On the other hand we should avoid the danger of thinking that ratification of the Charter will confirm the world in a state of peace. This would be as foolish as the presumption that everybody is going to be good because we have the ten commandments or law-abiding because we have the Supreme Court.

THE Charter won't accomplish anything of itself. It is a map that charts the road to peace. We can follow that road or we can go off to the right or left. It is a mechanism which provides the means of promoting peace but it does not work automatically. We must use it properly to get results.

In spite of the blunders and betrayals that hamper our efforts we are presented with an opportunity to work toward the organization of a better world. We should contribute our share toward the task even though the sum total of accomplishments adds up to but a small fraction of that justice which is our ultimate goal.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

ANYTHING that can be said about Poland now must be in the nature of an elegy. The first country to rise in arms in the face of Hitler's might, the "Charter Member" of the United Nations who was not allowed to sit with the United Nations in their San Francisco Conference, Poland, the victim of Nazi brutality, has been sur-

The Tragedy Of Poland

rendered by her friends to a dictatorship no less ruthless than the one the world has finally crushed. There is no attempt to disguise the fact that Poland has not been a saint among nations. But she is a martyr. The record of Polish tragedies in this war reads like a dirge, a record that stretches from the fall of Warsaw in 1939 down through "incidents" like that of Katyn Forest and calamities like the unhappy Warsaw uprising of a year ago. It is a record of much suffering and great treachery bravely sustained.

Not the least of the treacheries was the farcical trial in Moscow a few weeks back of the sixteen Polish democratic leaders—the very ones whom the puppet Lublin Poles enconced in Warsaw feared the most. What makes that trial such a parody on justice is the fact that on March 11 these sixteen Poles received written invitations signed by Col. Pimienov of the NKVD (Russian secret police), who was stationed at Pruszkow near Warsaw, to meet Gen. Ivanov of the First White Russian Army. The safety of the Poles was guaranteed "on the honor of Red Army officers." What followed is well known. These sixteen men, all prominent in the leadership of the four anti-Nazi parties of Underground Poland, were arrested and tried. Moscow announced how fifteen of them confessed their guilt of subversive activities against the Red Army. The convenient part of the whole affair for the Soviet was that the chief protagonists of a truly democratic Poland were effectively removed from the scene at the very time the new "broadened" Polish Government was in process of formation as agreed upon at Yalta.

Of the twenty-one members of this "broadened" government, all were taken from the Soviet-sponsored puppet government with the exception of five men who were chosen from among Poles abroad and inside Poland. Of these five, only three had any political importance. To not one of these five was given any portfolio of critical value. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, upon whom Britain and America place such hopes, holds the relatively harmless post of Second Vice Premier. All the key positions in this "broadened" government are held by Communists or by known Communist sympathizers.

The strongest man in the Polish Government today is Boleslaw Bierut, chairman of the Presidium of the former Warsaw Government. This five-man Presidium still remains and Bierut is still chairman. It might be well to recall that Bierut was first heard of politically in the early twenties when he was active in Poland as a Communist underground organizer. Later he became prominent as a Polish-affairs expert in the Foreign Department of the NKVD.

Is it any wonder that across Europe hundreds of thousands of Poles are afraid to return home? Is it any wonder Polish airmen in the British Isles and Polish armies that fought so well for the Western Allies refuse to return to a Poland betrayed? We can speak of the Yalta decisions and of Anglo-American insistence on Russia's living up to them. We can speak of these as a triumph. But the Poles still free to speak call it no triumph.

So long has the Polish question taxed the diplomatic brains and the conscience of the world, that from sheer exhaustion, perhaps, this lamentable settlement has been accepted with something akin to relief. The world is too weary to protest. And for Poland, justice sleeps.

OF THE Japanese in the United States at the outbreak of the war, two-thirds were native born and therefore citizens of this country. It is history now how the Japanese, the immi-

The Problem of Japanese Americans

grants among them barred by law from ever becoming American citizens, had concentrated in agricultural regions along the West Coast and in Little Tokyo settlements in Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento. It is history how these Japanese, often cut off from their neighbors by unconcealed hostility, were divided among themselves in sharp dissension. The Nisei, the native-born American generation, against the Issei, the original immigrant stock.

It is these Nisei, alienated as most of them have been from their fathers by American culture and American education, and from their fellow Americans by their racial characteristics, that have constituted one of the most pressing minority problems to arise from this war. Seventy thousand American citizens were made to become exiles in their own land, were forced to live in various relocation centers.

The war record of Japanese American soldiers who fought in Europe is unexcelled. The War Relocation Authority has reported that there has been absolutely no espionage among the Nisei in the various relocation centers. These discriminated-against Americans have bought bonds, donated blood, and proved their loyalty to their native land. In their hearts is the intense desire to be thought of and to be called Americans.

The ugliest blot in the whole problem has been the appearance of the Japanese Exclusion League, an un-American, un-Christian endeavor dedicated to ridding the Coast and eventually the country of Japanese Americans. It is a league founded in hate and probably greed. Citizens there are in California and Washington and Oregon who have raised their voices against this new manifestation of injustice. It is time all citizens who glory in the principles of Americanism rose up against bigotry wherever it appears—whether against Negro or Jew or Catholic or Japanese American. The Nisei deserve better from their native land and native states than the program the Japanese Exclusion League proposes as a solution to what is a very real problem.

RECENTLY a national day of thanksgiving was celebrated throughout Ireland except in the territory dominated by the Ulster regime. The purpose of this national observance was to render thanks to Almighty God for the preservation of the nation from war and to express gratitude for the end of the terrible conflict in Europe. All

Ireland and the War

reports indicate that from both a civic and religious point of view the holiday was universally popular. It also served to reveal the sentiment of the Irish people on the question of the neutrality maintained by Mr. De Valera's government.

In contrast to the support given neutrality by the Irish people, that neutrality has been cursed and abused in the press of this country even more than in England itself. This certainly presents a strange spectacle. We were under the impression that our country went into the war on the side of democracy. The people of Ireland wanted neutrality and we are simple enough to believe that it is the function of a democratic government to carry out the will of the people on such an issue.

It is understandable that England would have liked to have Ireland enter the war, just as Mr. Churchill declared that he had worked tirelessly to bring the United States into the conflict. As a matter of fact, up to the time we were attacked at Pearl Harbor and Germany and Italy declared war on us, the majority of the people of this country were for neutrality. This was clearly revealed in the speeches of the candidates during the presidential campaign of 1940. We can still hear the echoes of the words of the late President Roosevelt delivered at Boston on October 30, 1940: "And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

It happens that the Irish people felt the same as did the majority of Americans. Ireland had the good fortune, however, of not being subjected to enemy attack.

IN CONTRAST to the criticism of the De Valera government there is great praise for the Six County government in the northeast section of Ireland for the part it played in the war.

Ulster and the Empire

Mr. Churchill has said: "this was indeed a deadly moment in our lives, and if it had not been for the loyalty and friendship of Northern Ireland we should have been forced to come to close quarters with De Valera or perish forever from the earth."

That statement may make good oratory, but it is not borne out by facts. It is true that England had the use of the ports of Northern Ireland, but the "loyalty and friendship" of the citizens of the Six Counties did not inspire many of them to enroll in the armed forces. There was no conscription and most men of military age were content to become members of the Home Guard, of the Special Police, a force established to act against Catholics, or to hold down jobs created by the war boom. Mr. Churchill ignores completely the no small aid given to England and the United Nations by Eire, and he entirely overlooks the real reason England did not "perish from the earth"—American industry and millions of American boys who did finally get into foreign wars.

If Mr. Churchill is returned to office we think it would be a real service to the Empire and to humanity to use his oratorical gifts to bring to the attention of the English people the true facts about that corner of the British Empire known as Ulster. He must be aware that the Ulster government is a one-party state ruled by an Orange terroristic clique. In those Six Counties will be found political, economic, and religious intolerance of a minority which rivals anything conceived in the brain of a Nazi zealot. All this goes on not

in India, or Palestine, or in some far off colonial possession, but at the very doorstep of Britain and under the aegis of a puppet government backed by British guns and money. About this nasty mess Mr. Churchill is silent and we may add, so is our American press. It is long overdue for the light of publicity to be focused on that evil with the hope of eliminating it by means of good government, religious tolerance, and the end of partition.

THERE ARE those who still thump the sawdust trail (or should it be the glory road?) for dear old Russia right or wrong. There are others who are busy with an irresponsible industriousness in ever more openly

For the Sake Of the Record

doing their best to make peaceful relations with the Soviet Union—almost an impossibility. These are the ones who are speaking of eventual war with Russia as being inevitable. Somewhere between these two extremes are those honest realists who know well that we must live with Russia, must co-operate with her for peace, but who are genuinely worried over the highhanded, unilateral, and often crude methods Russia is using to attain what may be perfectly justifiable objectives. One of the chief sources of worry is the spread of Communism in the governments of Europe.

The fact of the matter is that in the various regimes set up with Soviet blessing, men who are equivalently Soviet agents hold key positions. These are usually the offices of Minister of the Interior, which controls the police and matters of internal security, and of Minister of Education, which controls propaganda and public opinion. For the sake of the record, it might be well to see how this pattern has been followed.

The set-up in Poland is common knowledge. Equally well known is that of Yugoslavia where Tito makes no pretense of hiding his Communist Party membership. His minister of the Interior is Vlado Zechevitch, an ex-Orthodox priest who is believed to be a party worker.

In Czechoslovakia the Minister of Information is Vaclav Kopecky, former Editor of the Prague Communist paper, *Rude Pravo*. The Minister of Education is Zdenek Nejedly, a pro-Communist of note. The Minister of the Interior is Vaclav Nosek, a Communist miner.

In Bulgaria the guiding hand is that of the leader of the old Comintern, Georgi Dimitroff. The Minister of the Interior, Anton Jugoff, is also a party member.

In the Renner Provisional Government in Austria the Minister of the Interior is Franz Honner and the Minister of Education is Ernst Fischer—both Communists. The latter was chief of the Comintern's Press Department in Moscow.

In Rumania the Minister of the Interior, Teohari Georgescu; the Minister of Propaganda, Petre Constantinescu-Iasi; the Minister of Justice, Lucretiu Patrascanu—all are Communists.

In Finland Yrjö Leino is Minister of the Interior. He is an oldtime Communist. The president of the Finnish Communist Party is assistant chief of the political police. He is Aimo Aaltonen.

Hungary is the only country where the pattern varies. There the only known Communists are Nagy, Minister of Agriculture, and Gabor, Minister of Public Welfare.

From this record it follows not merely that Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria are within a Soviet sphere of influence and external domination and have therefore set up governments "friendly" to Russia. It follows that within these governments important posts are held by men who take their orders from Moscow, who are loyal first to Russia and then to their native land—as is true of Communists all over the world, including America. It is this that is making men by no means hostile to the Soviet Union apprehensive and alert.

The West and Soviet Eurasia

There will probably be another war unless the West and the U.S.S.R. meet on equal terms in the New League

THE work of the San Francisco Conference has not been sterile. A treaty has been negotiated and prospects are favorable for a near-universal ratification. There will be a new league of nations. How may we expect it to work? To what extent can the United States trust in it as an adequate safeguard of national interests and an instrument for keeping world peace?

Answers to these questions should not be sought only, nor even primarily, in the long and intricately detailed text of the document. If the world organization becomes a living reality its character will be determined less by the paper plan than by the actual behavior of nations. The treaty may be an accurate statement of what nations intend to do, but it is hardly a safe prediction of what in fact they will do. Moreover, the proposed new league is much more expressive of the concrete living world of nations than was the Covenant of the League of Nations. The new Charter is more realistic, in the true but not the cynical meaning of that word.

The 1919 League was an expression of the liberal-democratic ideology of the Western or Atlantic nations; but at San Francisco these nations had to "do business" with the Soviet Union. There it quickly became evident that the problem was not so much one of devising a constitution for "one world" as building a structure to bring together two worlds: the Western European, British-



Now as in 1918, victory is joyful. Must we win another in the next generation?

American Atlantic community of nations, and the Soviet-Eurasian community, which is now a mighty military empire extending from Central Europe to the Far East. The United Nations Charter reflects clearly the salient facts of contemporary world politics, and it is in the light of those facts that one should judge future probabilities.

On first glance, the proposed new league appears strong. This time, it is said, the peace will be kept "by force if necessary." Great power is concentrated in the Security Council of five permanent and six elective members, and there is no hypocritical pretending that the Big Five are not to dominate the organization. The Security Council may intervene in any international dispute, may impose drastic economic, political, and military sanctions against a state that breaks the peace, and may even regulate the working of regional security pacts unless these are directed specifically against renewed aggression on the part of states defeated in the Second World War.

But in order to do any of these things,

By ROSS HOFFMAN

or to take any decision whatever save on "procedural matters," the five permanent members (U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Great Britain, France, and China) must agree. Each of these "great powers" may veto any proposed action by the Council; which means that no matter of vital interest to any one of the Big Five is likely to be dealt with by the Council. In a dispute between, let us say, the Soviet Union and Rumania, or Great Britain and Egypt, or the United States and Nicaragua, we may be certain the veto would be used. Resort to it would be no less likely in a dispute between permanent members of the Council, unless neither disputant felt safe in standing its ground alone and both sought help from the Council to mediate the dispute. But in that event the Council would be transformed from the powerful executive organ of the United Nations into a traditional diplomatic conference.

The fact is that the Big Five possessors of the veto represent the application on a world scale of the principle that governed the Concert of Europe, which existed (often in a state of suspended animation) from 1814 to 1914. The Con-



The Western community of nations constitutes a disorganized, chaotic group

cert was formed by the leading powers of the European state-system, and the operative idea was that these should act together diplomatically in questions of general European concern. Unfortunately, they could not always agree as to what questions were "European." They could "Europeanize" minor questions that did not affect a great power's vital interests, but in important issues touching strategic security and the equilibrium of power in Europe the Concert was a feeble instrument. Even when the members were in agreement, lesser states could sometimes flout the Concert's will because the great powers feared that any action on their part might have the consequence of disturbing the equilibrium of power. Such was the case in 1912 when the Concert forbade the Balkan states to attack Turkey. They went right ahead and made war because they knew the Concert dared not approve a collective military intervention that might disturb the delicate balance of power between Austria-Hungary and Russia and thus provoke a general European war.

We must expect that the New Security Council will have some of the impotence of the old Concert of Europe. The veto will probably exclude the most important issues from the Council's agenda, and it is easy to envisage the Council in a position like that of the Concert in 1912: agreed against a war but fearful of using force to prevent it. Imagine, for example, a conflict arising between Iran and the new Arab League. No doubt the Council would forbid fighting, but would it dare send international forces into this danger zone of balanced Soviet and British imperial power? It would on one condition: that British-Russian rivalry in the Middle East had been completely transcended in world co-operation.

Precisely that, of course, is the world's

one hope for a long-enduring peace. If the great powers do not co-operate in policies of moderation, prudence, and respect for all legitimate rights, no international mechanism, however ingeniously contrived, can keep the peace. And it is perhaps the highest merit of the new charter that it frankly recognizes that fact. The American people, too, seem to recognize it.

But there is another fact of equal importance that is not widely perceived. It is that the great powers will not co-operate, at least not for long, unless an equilibrium of power is established among them. Just as the old Concert of Europe functioned well only when no state held or was suspected of trying to obtain a preponderance over the others, so will the new Security Council surely find that its work will be frustrated unless power within it is balanced.

SUCH is not the present position. The victors who are arranging a new world political pattern are two great communities of power: Eurasia, which is headed and organized by Communist Russia, and the Atlantic Community (the political world of democracy, of states grown from Western Christendom) which today is headed but not organized by the British-American partnership. The Soviet Union is not a nation in the sense that the United States, Britain, and France are nations; and the Kremlin, perhaps imprudently, recently reminded the world of this most important difference by obtaining representation for the White Russian and Ukrainian republics in the San Francisco Conference and the United Nations Assembly. The U.S.S.R. is a league of nations held together by the almost invisible but steel cord of the All-Union Communist Party. It covers a sixth of the world's land surface and contains an impulse for indefinite

expansion. It has much heavy industry, a dictatorial central government, and the largest army in the world. It has taken control of Eastern and most of Central Europe by armed conquest and the creation of puppet-governments bound in long-term alliances. It controls significant parts of China and Iran. It manipulates strong revolutionary parties and organizations throughout Western Europe and the Atlantic world. It is very powerful and has demonstrated that power by a succession of diplomatic victories over its Western allies from Teheran to San Francisco.

Many persons are puzzled by these victories because the Soviet Union's human and material resources are greatly inferior to those of the Western community of states. But the explanation is simple. The Eurasian system coheres. The Western system does not, but instead presents itself as a chaotic international scene in which the U.S.S.R. is virtually invited to carry on a policy of dividing and controlling. That is the Kremlin's policy. And this not only because the Soviet military triumphs have vindicated (in Communist minds) the Marx-Leninist theories of society and political strategy and so precipitated a new wave of world revolutionary Communism. That is an ominous and formidable development, but the Kremlin's policy would be understandable even if it had not transpired. For that policy is the natural instinct of a great power striving for security in a disorganized surrounding world. We may expect to see it operate still further in Europe, in China, and in the Middle East—unless the Western nations act to check it.

The prospect is frightening not only because of the totalitarian police system of government which the Soviet Union propagates, but because so mighty a power upsets the equilibrium that is indispensable for trustful co-operation among the Big Five of the Security Council. When American forces in Europe are reduced to a mere occupation army in South Germany, or withdrawn entirely, the preponderance of power in Central Europe is likely to swing eastward, and one need not be an alarmist but only a realist to envisage the possibility of Germany's becoming an integral part of the Eurasian community of power. In that event the Soviet preponderance in all Europe would be established.

In Asia a similar development may portend. For if the Western powers overrun the Japanese home islands, we must expect the Red Army to move into Manchuria and Korea and take all measures necessary to insure that China does not become a military power ca-



We must play our part in uniting the powers of the Atlantic Community

pable of rivaling or even of obstructing the Soviet Union's policies and purposes in Asia. As a result, the war may end with a Soviet preponderance in Asia as well as in Europe.

We may be certain such power would be abused, not merely because Russia is Communist but because excessive power is always abused. It generates fear, especially in those who possess it, and fear inspires endless aggressions in vain pursuit of the security that banishes fear. There is no reason to fancy that this veritable law of political history has been repealed for our times. And therefore, if present ominous prospects materialize, the United Nations organization may become a world forum and instrument for Soviet propaganda and policy and an arena of diplomatic conflict leading ultimately to war between Eurasia and the West.

For Great Britain and her imperial holdings from Gibraltar to Suez and across the Middle East to India, the Soviet preponderance would be a standing menace. The safety of the British Isles and the British Empire would require either a cringing dependence on Eurasia or an active opposition to it. The former policy (which is unthinkable as long as Britain is a "great power") would probably bring the dissolution of the British Commonwealth of Nations and drive the United States along the road of aggressive isolationist imperialism. The latter policy would lead straight toward a British-Russian war, into which the United States would ultimately be drawn. But it is the policy Britain surely will follow if the power of Russia spreads over the whole continent. Both Churchill and Eden, in guarded but carefully measured words, have recently reminded the world that Britain can be secure only if an equilibrium instead of hegemony of power is established in Western Europe. To purchase a Russian retreat from the West, Great Britain can be expected to make "appeasing" concessions to the Soviet Union in Far East Asia: concessions that may prove deeply displeasing to American sensibilities and perhaps fatal to independence and union in China.

After the last war, which Britain fought to prevent German domination of Western Europe, London adopted the policy of building a continental system designed to isolate and quarantine Bolshevik Russia. It was pivoted on London, Paris, and Geneva, but it could not attain to adequate strength without the restoration and inclusion of Germany. This policy led to Germany's membership in the League of Nations, against the bitter opposition of Russia. And ultimately it led to Germany's capture of the balance of power between Eurasia and the West, which was the fundamental political cause of the Second World War. Now Britain cannot succeed again in that policy. Russia is too strong. And France is too weak to take the risk of following Britain in an anti-Soviet West European and Mediterranean bloc.

Without transatlantic support, Britain could establish a new equilibrium of power in Europe only by restoring Germany and making diplomatic partnership with her; but for as far ahead as anyone can see that is a sheer impossibility. The extreme difficulty of restoring a balance of power between herself and Russia does not mean, however, that Great Britain will not strive to accomplish it. All history teaches these islanders that the matter touches their national independence and freedom. The nation that withstood Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon I, William II, and Adolf Hitler will not tamely submit to Stalin as Lord of Europe. Every means will be employed to prevent this, even the provocation of war and again calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.

That is the great danger pressing upon the minds of realistic men when they speculate about the possibility of a third world war. It will probably come within the predictable future if the great powers fail to co-operate trustfully, and they will surely fail if the

new league of nations is not a diplomatic forum in which the Soviet Union and the Western powers meet on equal terms and neither community is tempted to use a league as a weapon against the other. But they cannot meet on equal terms unless the West becomes more coherent.

To obtain that greater coherence should be the grand object of American foreign policy. To see this truth is to learn our main lesson in twentieth-century international politics. Twice in thirty years we have had to send huge expeditionary forces across the Atlantic because we could not suffer the conquest of Western Europe and the British Isles by a great military and naval power. Ought we not therefore take specific precautions against the recurrence of that danger? Ought we not to extend to Great Britain and France the alliance that can secure the former against the temptation to provoke the Soviet Union and the latter against the temptation to capitulate to it? Ought we not, in other words, to fortify the West and so create the equilibrium that is the prerequisite for successful co-operation by the world's leading powers? The Kremlin negotiates security pacts to guard against the renewal of German aggression. We complain about these, but we would do better to take a leaf out of the Soviet book in this matter. Not until we do can we expect a slackening of the tension that has been created in Europe by the Red Army's conquests. And not until that relaxes can we expect the United Nations Charter to be more than a paper plan.

The means for doing precisely this, and as a natural next step in the evolution of our traditional foreign policy, are at hand in the Act of Chapultepec negotiated last March by the Inter-American Conference at Mexico City. By that instrument the new world republics signed a political and military alliance for the duration of the war,



The U.S.S.R. covers a sixth of the world's land surface, has vast resources, and an unlimited impulse for expansion of her territory

and affirmed their intention to conclude after the war a treaty to "provide for a regional arrangement for dealing with matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security as are appropriate for regional action in this hemisphere." They stated further that this treaty "shall be consistent with the purposes and principles of the general international organization, when established."

Now we in the United States are so accustomed to thinking of everything south of the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico as "Latin America," and of Pan-American or Inter-American as an exclusive community of republics, that we tend to forget that no Inter-American regional security system can be complete unless it is also an Atlantic system. The fact that Inter-America is a useful and valuable association of states having an ideological affinity through their common republicanism, does not mean that it can be transformed into a political and military alliance of adequate strength to realize its declared purposes. We tend to forget that British Honduras, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and the Windward Islands make Britain the most important Caribbean power.

If one looks carefully at a map of this region the chain of positions reminds one of the chain that extends from Gibraltar to Suez. We tend to forget also the British possessions of the numerous Bahama Islands to the north of Cuba and Haiti, and British Guiana to the south of Trinidad on continental South America. Great Britain, indeed, before the present war was a more important power in the West Indies and the Caribbean than the United States.

And how easily it escapes our notice that France and Holland also have important West Indian and South American possessions! We were rudely reminded of this five years ago when a French fleet had to be immobilized at Martinique, but now we seem to have forgotten that perilous episode. At the same time we were vividly aware of the short air-flight from French West Africa to Brazil, and the waters of all this region became a graveyard for hundreds of our ships in 1942. A little later we

learned from the British-Portuguese agreement for bases in the Azores that these mid-Atlantic islands were of high strategic value in defending the Western Hemisphere. Our whole defensive effort, in fact, from the immobilization of the Martinique fleet, the acquisition of bases in Greenland, Iceland, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, through the Battle of the Atlantic and the invasion of North Africa, made it plain to the point of obviousness that the successful defense of the Western Hemisphere required the defense of the whole Atlantic basin. That is the outstanding strategic lesson of World War II.

IF WE learn this lesson we shall recognize that the Pan-American Union can never be developed into an effective regional security system unless Great Britain, France, and Holland participate in it, for by the inexorable decrees of history and geography they belong to it. The permanent alliance projected at Chapultepec should bear their signatures, and the ultimate adherence of Portugal and Spain (when the winds of ideological passion die down) should be obtained. It should become a grand Atlantic alliance or mutual security pact. So would we witness the majestic growth, from small beginnings in the Monroe Doctrine, of a great citadel of safety for the nations of the West. It would be one of the grand culminations of history. Surely if destiny has appointed our Republic for a noble task in salvaging the civilization from which we originated, this is that good work.

To accomplish it is to restore equilibrium in world political power, and nothing else, it should be emphasized, can bring about that condition which is so indispensable to the successful working of the new league of nations.

But is such a system permissible under the United Nations Charter? The answer is yes. The Chapultepec alliance in its presently conceived and utterly inadequate limits is indeed forbidden by the Charter to operate "without authorization by the Security Council." But the Charter specifically exempts from such authorization "regional arrangements directed against renewal of ag-

gressive policy" on the part of states defeated in the war. The language here (Article 56, Paragraph 1) was written expressly to enable the Soviet Union's alliances against Germany in Europe to operate independently of the Security Council. There is nothing in the Charter to impede the Western nations from enjoying the same privilege. So that the way is wide open to fortify the West, not against the Soviet Union, to be sure, but against the revival of the German and Japanese perils. We should do exactly that, and with clear recognition that these are only likely to revive if the Soviet Union encourages them.

This means, of course, that the Atlantic nations must scrupulously abstain from attempting to include either of these former Axis powers in their security system, and firmly insist that the Soviet Union make a similar abstention. For such an attempt from either side would upset the equilibrium of the world and set the stage for a new war.

If the proposed security combination is formed, the Communists of course will not like it. They will see doors closing against them throughout the Western world. But once it became clear to Moscow that the Atlantic system was designed as a means of *avoiding instead of repeating* the British policy of building up Germany as a counterpoise to Russia, it is most improbable that the Soviet Union would allow itself to be provoked into withdrawal from the United Nations. The Soviet Union is clearly on record as opposed to the formation of a West European bloc, for it knows such a bloc would inevitably seek the inclusion of Germany. The Atlantic system, on the other hand, has no need whatever of Germany. Russia can disrupt a West European bloc; she could not dissolve an Atlantic combination for mutual security.

And there can be no doubt that the combination would have a sobering and improving influence upon the purposes and manners of Soviet diplomacy. Neither France nor China would be sucked into the vortex of Russian power politics, and all free states would breathe the air more easily. Facing these mighty Eurasian and Atlantic systems wisely bridged by the United Nations organization, both Germany and Japan would soon come to realize the hopelessness of planning new aggressions, and that would speed the day of national restoration and freedom for them. The victors in this war would come more rapidly to recognize not only the justice but the prudence of treating their fallen foes with moderation and generosity. This too must come eventually if the new league of nations is not to prove another frustration of mankind's fairest terrestrial hopes.

Reasonable



► When William Randolph Hearst was trying to buy a newspaper in New York City, he cabled the late James Gordon Bennett, in Paris at the time, "Please put price on *New York Herald*."

Bennett, owner of the *Herald*, but not ready to sell, replied: "Three cents daily; five cents Sunday."

By JERRY COTTER

'Tis Funny, McGee!



Fibber McGee and Molly accept from Charles Buckmeyer the Catholic War Veterans' citation

They live at 79 Wistful Vista, but to millions of fans they are the folks next door

ONCE each week Jim and Marian Jordan become the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista and play host to more than thirty million dialwise Americans. Actually the transition is neither difficult nor painful, for the Jordans, in private life, come closer to being counterparts of their radio selves than do any of their colleagues, save perhaps the eternally nonchalant Bing Crosby.

The amiable banter and hectic adventures of Fibber McGee and Molly have been intriguing listeners for eleven years now, ever since their folksy charades were lifted from the obscurity of small-time radio to a network of over 140 stations. Contrary to Molly's wifely admonition, "Tain't funny, McGee!" the radio audience thinks it is. Their long-term enthusiasm for the McGee brand of homey fun has boosted the program

to the very top of the popularity polls, with the highest rating ever attained by a half-hour session.

Molly's Irish wit, Fibber's penchant for predicaments, and the legendary hall closet have become national institutions on a par with jeeps, income taxes, and sodas through a straw. To one-quarter of the nation Fibber and Molly are synonymous with Tuesday night chuckles and comedy that is usually "corny" and always clean.

The success story of this mild-mannered, untheatrical pair belongs in a Ripley column, especially when you consider that youth, sophistication, and glamour are the usual prerequisites to stardom in any branch of the entertainment industry. The Jordans offer instead a warming sincerity, genuine friendliness to all comers, and a radiant sense of the humorous that has already converted millions of determined radio-phobes. For this latter quality they are the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to Don Quinn, who has been their writer and partner since the days when

\$60 a week was munificent reward for reading lines into a microphone.

While practically all of radio's comedy stars and penmen seem determined to crowd into their scripts as many smutty gags and slightly veiled insinuations as the network editors leniently allow, the Jordans and Quinn always keep their material clean. Wholesomeness has become a fetish with them, to the intense satisfaction of the listeners who find the McGee series an oasis of good taste in a rapidly spreading mire of objectionable airline humor. Success, with its accompanying financial rewards, has not tempted the trio to follow the path trod by Hope, Durante, Cantor, Benny, the Burns-Allen duo and a host of lesser lights whose comedy is, more often than not, on the sly side. Their reward is not only the knowledge of a job well and wisely done, but the admiration of a vast audience, long wearied by the suggestiveness of radio's wisecrackers.

Recognition of their unique spot in the entertainment field recently came from the Catholic War Veterans in the form of a special National Commander's Citation. It read: "In recognition of their successful efforts to lighten the burdens of the American people in a time of great ordeal through understanding and clean comedy; in appreciation of their contribution to the American scene unmarred by the sarcastic half truths, the disillusionment and moral decay too often offered as valid Americana; and in acknowledgment of their accomplishment in portraying the American home through gentle humor in true dignity as a great source of our national strength." The Jordan-McGee recipe calls for a pleasant, semi-sentimental style of patter built around the everyday hopes, mishaps, and comic adventures of an average small-town couple. So true to life are the situations that the listener grins for two reasons, one based on personal experience. When a resounding crash follows the opening of the Wistful Vista hall closet, a million housewives probably make a mental note to do a little cleaning job in the family closet first thing in the morning. A trip downtown to the movies generally assumes the proportions of a major event, with the blustering Fibber either forgetting his wallet or driving off in the Mayor's car by mistake. If he stalls on visiting the dentist the day after a toothache, practically every listener is on his side, though

Molly's soft-brogued insistence usually triumphs in matters of this sort.

Probably the most popular single feature of their program is Molly's weekly impersonation of Teeny, the inquisitive little girl who always pops up at exactly the wrong moment. Though no effort has ever been made to keep it secret, the fact that Molly plays this part is a matter of amazement to most studio audiences, a great tribute to her ability.

Banish the thought that the surface simplicity of the program's format means that the series is an easily contrived piece of radio production. It is one of the few top-rank features to receive unstinted praise and frank admiration on both sides of the microphone. The listener revels in its non-wisecracking, well-scrubbed comedy lines and the situations which always seem to reflect the incidents and accidents of his own existence. Behind-the-scenes observers see in it a slick, ingenuous pattern, cleverly constructed and performed by experts in the art of timing, voice modulation, and character interpretation.

More than any other program on the air, the series has used imagination and skill in utilizing and absorbing the war messages that radio has been asked to spread. If a recruiting drive for nurses is in progress, the McGees go out to convince a retired nurse friend to enlist for the duration. They may stumble along for twenty-five minutes, but you can rest assured that in the final five they get the idea across not only to their friend but to a sizable portion of the listening audience as well. This Quinn-Jordan accomplishment is a minor miracle and recognized as such by government agencies.

The three-cornered partnership has also proven that even the obnoxious commercial can be palatable when intelligently and deftly woven into a script. When the McGees give their floor wax sponsor the opportunity to relay his message, it develops into a smart-paced combination of good salesman-ship and plenty of fun.

While the Jordans, late of Peoria, are now riding high, wide, and happy with a cattle ranch and a white colonial home in Encino, California, their path wasn't always wax smooth. Ten dollars a week was once their financial reward from radio, and Jim has known the day when he was mighty happy to get an assignment carrying a spear in a Chicago spectacle or singing in cafés for the privilege of passing the hat.

Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan met for the first time during choir rehearsal at St. John's Church in their home town. Jim was an aspiring tenor, while Marian's ambition was to be a concert pianist. She was well on the road to achieving that goal, being a piano, voice,

and violin teacher of some local fame. It was about this time that the 21-year-old Jim got his first taste of theatrical life when he joined a vaudeville act and tenored his way from Peoria to the Pacific Coast and back.

Shortly after he returned Jim and Marian married and the United States Government also took him under its protective wing. First, as a mail carrier and then, six days after the wedding, as a member in good standing of the AEF.

The post-Armistice period was rather rough on Jim's career, and it was Marian's music pupils who tided them over. Eventually they embarked on a tour, giving concert performances in church halls, movie houses, school auditoriums, and Chatauquas. Their baby daughter traveled and thrived with them, but the arrival of a son, two years later, sent the family to Chicago in search of a more stable existence. But as many others before and after them have discovered, musicians and singers are not always the happy victims of instantaneous success. There were offers to tour in vaudeville, but little else. Determined to make the grade, the Jordans stuck it out in favor of home life with their growing youngsters.

After a few weeks, however, they bowed to the inevitable, took the children to relatives in Peoria, and set out on a vaudeville tour.

Within a year they were back in Chicago with the children and a radio contract, paying \$60 a week. As pioneers in the new medium, they had to experiment on different program styles. They were still officially listed as musical talent when they met Quinn who was a commercial artist and wanted to be a writer. He asked them to try out a comedy routine he had written.

"But we're not comedians," said Marian. "We just use a little dialogue

for variety between musical numbers."

"I've listened to you," replied Quinn with a straight face. "You're comedians."

The Fibber and Molly characters were not an immediate result of the new partnership. They appeared on the scene as a gradual evolution, blossoming forth finally when, after four years of daytime broadcasting in Chicago, the trio decided to strike out for the gold and glory to be found in radio's after-dinner hours.

Although not spectacularly successful in the beginning, the blustering, bragging Fibber and his wise, witty spouse soon won a sizable audience for their weekly sketches. As time went on the show began to take form and the characters to develop, with surprisingly happy results. The Old Timer and Mr. Wimple, two roles played with great skill by Bill Thompson who is now in service; The Great Gildersleeve, the McGee's bullying neighbor; and the exclusive Mrs. Uppington were some of the popular personalities developed during this period.

Jim and Marian began delving into their own family recollections for incidents and characteristics which were promptly bequeathed to their microphone selves. Fibber became a replica of Jim's father, an Illinois farmer, and Molly drew much of her Celtic wit from the sayings of Marian's mother.

Inevitably, Hollywood became interested in their activities, but—as yet—the screen has not treated them kindly. Endeavoring to cash in on the team's radio popularity without undue exertion, the moviemakers have handed them a series of motheaten vehicles of silent era vintage. The results have been financially happy for all concerned, but hardly calculated to endear Fibber and Molly to any who might not be on dialing terms with the amiable couple.

Away from the studio, the Jordan

Jim and Marian Jordan on the grounds of their Encino, Calif., home



mode of life is simple, though on a comfortable scale. Their Encino ranch serves as a home rather than a star showcase. Though in the Hollywood orbit, they make no concession to its eccentricities, being practically unknown to the autograph hunters, headwaiters, and night club habitués.

Jim, who has served for two years as President of the local Chamber of Commerce, manages the thousand-acre ranch and the cattle they raise as security for the day when Fibber and Molly retire from the spotlight. At the beginning of every new radio season they say it will be their final one.

"Some day we're going to mean it," Molly said recently.

The Jordan living room is the scene of many lively family gatherings with community sings, Irish jigs, and the old vaudeville routines as entertainment. Their daughter Kathryn, now 22, and her baby live with them while awaiting the return of her Navy doctor husband from his overseas duties. Jimmy Junior is embarking on an acting career, having recently been discharged from the Army. He has already appeared in several small parts before camera and mike.

The Jordan-McGees are a Hollywood oddity in more ways than one. They have twenty-seven years of happy married life behind them, and to the utter amazement of the sophisticates, they seem to thrive on it. Then, too, they have maintained a level, normal keel in their private lives.

At forty-seven, Jim Jordan finds his greatest pleasure puttering in a basement carpenter shop. Unlike his alter ego, Fibber, Jim knows his way around a workshop and has turned out a good deal of the family furniture. Marian, one year his junior, and far more attractive than many a movie glamourite even though she eschews make-up, is home-minded, too. Once during an interview, a startled scrivener heard a young male voice drift down from the upper regions of the house.

"Oh Mom, there aren't any bath towels."

"Heavenly days," exclaimed Marian, dashing out of the room and the house. She returned lugging a huge laundry basket. Brushing aside the proffered help of her husband, a maid, and the ruffled interviewer, she started upstairs with a typically housewifeish, "I'll put this away myself—then I'll know it's put away right."

Every Tuesday night in a brightly lighted studio in Hollywood's Radio City, Marian and Jim play at being everybody's next-door neighbors, the average Mr. and Mrs. America. One of the reasons they succeed so well is that they spend the rest of the week living their parts far from any microphone or camera.



A SIGN SPORTS STORY

ANOTHER MAJOR LEAGUE?

BASEBALL, in the throes of its fourth pennant rush since the war began, might take stock this autumn and wonder just how long the nation that calls the sport its official game will exist with only two major leagues.

There has been no problem since the war began. Players like Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Hi Bithorn, Charlie Keller, Johnny Mize, Terry Moore, Luke Appling, and dozens of others were called into the bigger game. Bringing up replacements as rapidly as Gen. Patton during his drives over the German plains, the American and National Leagues played through this last four seasons with rejected, discharged, or too-young or too-old servicemen.

The discharged servicemen were in a minority, but the 1945 season has seen a leveling off. Players like Red Ruffing, Hank Greenberg, Dave (Boo) Ferriss, Van Lingle Mungo, and Peanuts Lowrey came out of the service—and into the big league baseball scenery. Their performances were outstanding.

Since the players gradually went into the various armed forces, players were brought up from high schools, minor leagues, sand lots, American League chains, or out of retirement in strings. No teamful came at once.

But those postwar planners who mesh their planning to baseball wonder what will happen when the boys all come home once the war is finished. Many of the so-called wartime "stop-gap" players have displayed 24-carat major league ability. Four-eff athletes like George Stirnweiss of the New York Yankees, Buddy Kerr of the Giants, Preacher Roe of Pittsburgh, and many others are in the major league to stay, war or no war.

What will happen when the major leaguers come home and ask for

their old jobs again? What will happen to their refills who proved talented enough to stick in the large leagues with or without war?

Some fans laughingly have said there will be enough high-grade players to equip three major leagues. And one man has agreed—and done something about it.

That fellow with the far-ahead vision is Clarence (Pants) Rowland, president of the double-A caliber Pacific Coast League. The coast league broke all attendance records this season, and close to 40 per cent of all its players were World War II veterans.

"It is inevitable that there will be major league baseball on the Pacific coast," Rowland said. "But we never will bargain away one city or two to the major leagues. Rather, when major league baseball comes to the West, it will be when the Pacific Coast League is given major league status."

By saying that the league never will bargain away any of its teams, Rowland halted all reports that Los Angeles and San Francisco would be installed in the National or American League. Their population and postwar air travel had suggested such rumors.

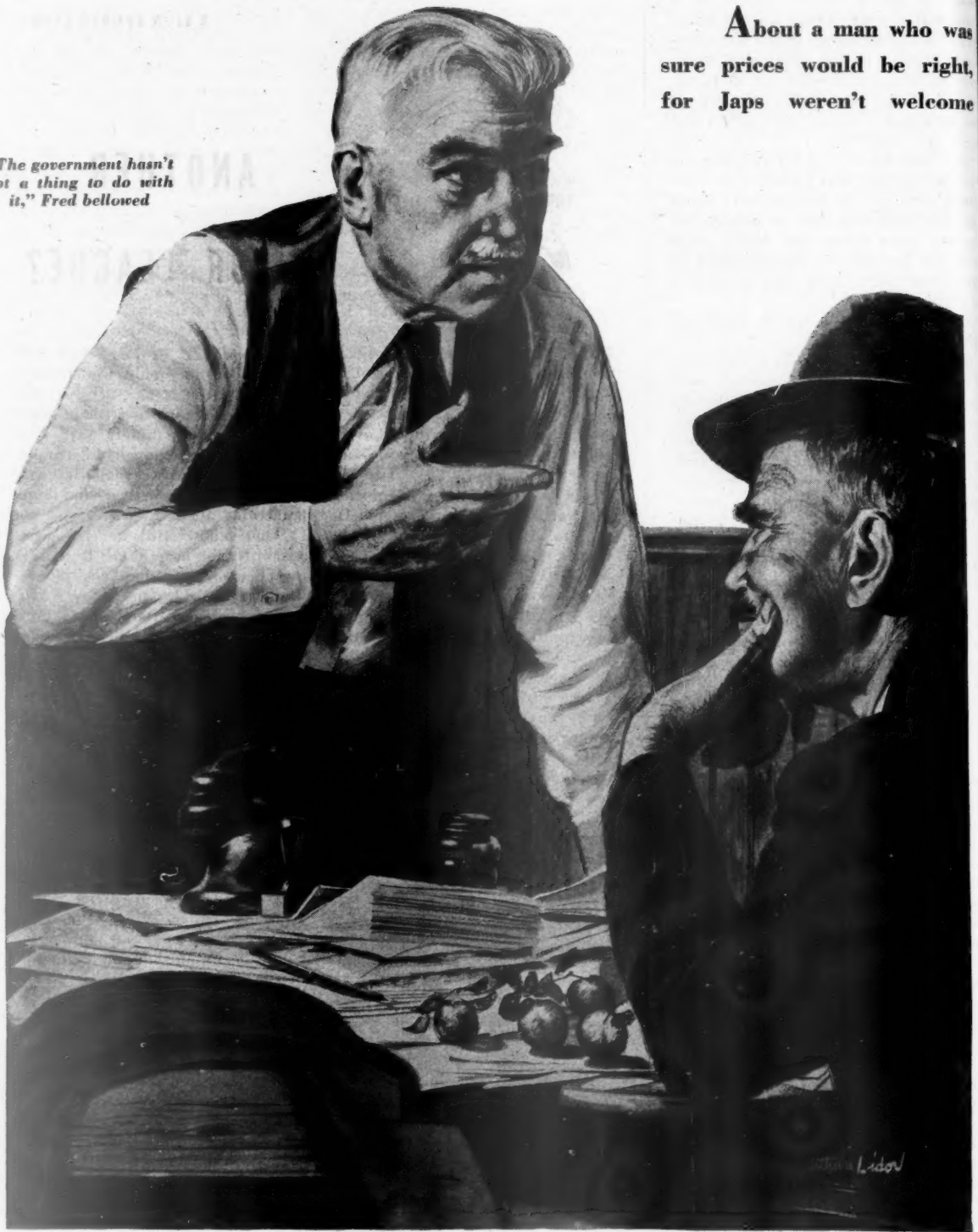
No squatter's rights on the Pacific Coast, however. When that third major league is born, it will be the PCL. Rowland has agitated for such a movement for two seasons. He is ready for action now.

Realizing that there will be more major league players returning than there are positions open in the American and National Leagues, Pacific clubowners are ready to sign 'em up. And won't it look funny when you see a World Series with three teams on the field? For it might not be long before the Coast League blossoms into major stature.

BOB DEINDORFER

About a man who was
sure prices would be right,
for Japs weren't welcome

"The government hasn't
got a thing to do with
it," Fred bellowed



THE two-hour train ride from San Francisco to San Garmó didn't ease Henry Beverlie's gloom. When he arrived at the tiny station, he made his way to a large refrigeration warehouse that stood only a short distance away from the station platform. A moment

later he entered a cluttered office, spoke to a busy clerk, then entered a smaller, more cluttered adjoining office.

"Hello, Fred."

"Henry!—About time. About time!" The man named Fred was quite past middle age with a great shag of white

hair, wore a very unpressed suit, smoked an expensive cigar, and bellowed with a voice that matched his hair. "You're late this season." He arose, stretched out his hand.

"Yes, I know. Busy. Mighty busy," Henry Beverlie said.

The Return

"Everybody is, Henry. And at a profit too." They both sat down. The older man studied his visitor with care. Then, "How's the wife and daughter?"

"Fine."

"And the big town?"

"Fine too. City bought up the other streetcar line."

Then, an obvious speck of silence, hastily covered by the older man: "You ah—you want to see apricots?"

"That's why I'm up here, Fred. And let's hurry if we can. That next train back is due half hour from now."

"All right, in a minute, in a minute. That ah—the ah—price is a little different this season, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"Well—ah—crops ain't as big as they used to be around here."

"I realized that. But that was the same set-up last year. No reason why—"

"Let's go take a look at 'em, Henry," the big voice interrupted, and he arose.

HENRY BEVERLIE arose too. "What about OPA?—Fred, I won't make it if the price is wrong. Now listen—"

"Never mind, never mind, Henry. Don't worry. That'll all be taken care of. Things just don't grow around here as much as they used to. There ain't as many—farmers." He opened a door that led into a huge packing room, then he stopped, turned, said: "But you been making good money last couple years, Henry."

"Well sure, sure, but—"

"Then don't worry. Come on, let's go look at the apricots." The door slammed shut after them.

Twenty minutes later the two men returned to the small office. Henry Beverlie said as they entered: "Sounds too good to be true, Fred. I never figured on—" then his eyes thinned. "It—it is too good to be true." His voice was low and tired.

"Why, now what?" Fred asked.

"We can't keep a price set-up like that much longer."

"Why not?"

"The Japs. The Japs, Fred. They're coming back, you know. In dribbles now, but they're coming back. And once that crowd gets anchored here again—the old price war . . ."

The white shag of hair was very still. Then: "Where you been, Henry?"

Henry Beverlie looked dumb. The older man went on. "Didn't you hear?" He relighted his cigar. "There won't be no Jap threat to the produce—around here anyway. — In fact, the whole West Coast."

"I didn't hear any rumor. But whatever it is, it's crazy. The government lifted that—"

"The hell with the government," Fred bellowed. "The government hasn't got a thing to do with it."

"I don't follow you."

The white-haired man took his cigar out of his mouth, looked at it carefully. "We been following that thing pretty close. Ever since the Army took off the ban. Won't be many Japs comin' back, Henry. When they took 'em out of here they took over a hundred thousand. I understand there's been about thirty thousand resituated in other parts of the country. Permanent. Won't ever come back. There's about fifty thousand still in the relocation camps. Probably won't be more than twenty thousand ever get back here."

"How do you figure that?"

"All kinds of reasons. First thing, nothing to come back to. Leases all expired. Weren't many ever owned their own place, you know. And a lot of Jap furniture being shipped east. A whole lot. Got that on good hand. 'Nuther reason—housing shortage. Not enough for all the whites comin' out here. And all the Jap-towns are busted up. They can't live bunched up anymore like they used to." He dragged on his cigar, moved to his desk. "Yep. Fifteen, — twenty thousand. Fifteen thousand, I'll say, and no more."

"I see," Henry Beverlie said.

Fred stooped over his desk, scribbled something on a paper. "Well, Henry, this is a nice order, anyway. And I thank you. Say, I'll walk along over to your train. Should be in, couple minutes."

As they made their way across the tracks to the station platform, they noticed a small group of San Garmo citizens waiting quietly for the train.

"What's goin' on?" Fred rumbled, more to himself. "People can't be goin' to the big city at noontime, middle of the week."

By S. CONSTANTINO

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

Henry Beverlie looked at the group more closely, three women, four men, a dozen children, all dressed in their honest, farm-town fashion finery.

The two men reached the platform, stood at the end. The quiet, waiting group stood about two-thirds the platform distance down.

"Maybe a funeral, or part of it," said Henry Beverlie.

"Nobody died," Fred growled. "Nobody in this town."

The expected train whispered in the distance.

"Well, Fred, I enjoyed my visit."

"Ah—glad you came, Henry. Glad you came." Fred jolted to silence again, uninterested for the moment in his departing customer, but only with curious eyes for the citizenry down the platform. Neither of the two men spoke as the train drew up and choked to a stop.

Henry Beverlie reached out a hand, "Well, good-by, Fred." Fred ignored him, watched the conductor come down on the platform with his iron step. The group of San Garmo citizens moved hesitantly toward this. Then a child of four or five stepped out of the train, its right arm held high over its head by a man of small stature, standing on the lowest step of the train. The child, a girl, in a bright green coat, white anklets, black shoes, blinked oriental eyes several times in the white sunlight. Then the small man guiding the child, stepped down onto the iron step. His oriental eyes blinked too, not at the sunlight but at the silent group who stood facing him. He said nothing, but smiled. A woman and two other children waited behind him.

Henry Beverlie and his white-haired friend stared silently. Then Fred bellowed a whispered "Japs."

ONE of the group waiting on the platform, a woman, stepped forward, said: "Kenneth Sakemi. Welcome home."

The small man continued to smile, then said: "Thank you, Mrs. Lawrence." He stepped down on the platform, two children followed, then, the woman, dressed with modest attraction, followed. Her Oriental smile was quickly translated when she shouted, "Hello, everybody!" and this was met with enthusiastic cries from those on the platform, "Hello, Mary Jane!"

Then a milling of greetings and handshakes.

Henry Beverlie looked at the white hair beside him. "There's part of your fifteen thousand, Fred."

Fred did not answer.

The conductor jumped up on the train platform, grunted "'Bord!'"

"Well, that's me. See you later, Fred." Fred did not answer.



COMMUNIST

Palmiro Togliatti counsels moderation now but prepares for an unknown future

MILAN is not only the main economic and business center of Italy, it is the main political center as well. Placed in the great plain of Lombardy, it has been for centuries the converging point for the great routes linking both France and Germany with the Italian peninsula. The second city of the Roman Empire, it suffered eclipse through the Austrian domination, so that Turin, capital of the House of Savoy, and Rome, city of the Popes, were the opposed centers in the great struggle of the last century which under the cry of united Italy brought the whole peninsula under Piedmont and the House of Savoy.

In United Italy, Milan at once began to come to the fore. If it had been a center through the centuries when transport was by road, it became an obvious nodal point in the railway age.

The Fascism of Mussolini began in Milan; it was the chief home of the movement and the place where Mussolini himself, with his brother Arnaldo, lived and worked before the march on Rome. In this, as in so much else, the Fascists were continuing the Socialist tradition, for Milan had also been Mussolini's headquarters in his Socialist period. It remains today the chief Socialist stronghold.

It was therefore only to be expected that as soon as the Germans had withdrawn and the Republican Fascists had been dispersed or shot, the politically conscious north would seek to supplant the rather weak Rome Government of Signor Bonomi.

I was in Rome in May when the men from the north arrived. They were stay-

ing in my hotel, and I watched them and talked with them as they came like a wave to see how much they could sweep before them. They had to their credit the very good condition of the north. Everybody had feared that the Germans would remove much of the machinery and destroy the rest, that they would strip the country as they retired behind their frontiers.

That these things were avoided was due to the thorough organization of the Committee of Liberation of North Italy, a veritable underground state which came into existence and prepared for the day and hour when it would be safe and favorable to strike. When the Allies launched their final attack, the Committee gave its orders, and Germans in offices and hotels suddenly found themselves held up at pistol point and disarmed.

The Cardinal Archbishops in all the great cities played an invaluable part in protecting their cities, for they alone could and did act as go-betweens, arranging for the orderly withdrawal of the occupying power, while in return for permitting that withdrawal, the Liberation Committees accepted and obtained the immunity of their cities from demolition. So the Committee members came south full of self-confidence, conscious that they had done much more

A troubled and prostrate Italy struggles desperately to renew its political and social life

Politics and Po

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

than had been done farther south, and expecting to form a national government which would include most of the existing Ministers.

It took them seven weeks to achieve this ambition. At first Signor Bonomi held his ground. He was the head of a government in which the same parties sat as had inspired the resistance in the north. He was himself a moderate Socialist of the old school. He had in his Cabinet not only Socialists, but two Communists, one of them Signor Togliatti, a professional, trained in Moscow. He had the Christian Democrats, whose leader Alcide de Gasperi, was Foreign Minister. The contest therefore became in part personal, whether the party leaders from the north should by virtue of their achievement and the strength of their supporters replace the existing Ministers.

This was not a problem for the Christian Democrats. De Gasperi is himself a northerner, coming from so far north that he began public life as a member of the Austrian Reichstag and became an Italian only with the annexation of the Trentino in 1919. He is also the undisputed leader of the Party. Another Christian Democrat, Signor Jacini, of a well-known Milanese family—his wife a Borroméo—had been brought to Rome before the liberation, traveling from France, and has now been made Minister of War. The Christian Democrats are the largest party in Venice and dominant in all the countryside west and north of Venice until the suburbs of Milan are reached. They are strongly represented, though they are not dominant, in Milan, Turin, and Genoa.

It was not the Christian Democrats who provoked or wanted any crisis between Rome and the north. The essence of that conflict is that the Socialists and Communists have their two strongholds in Milan and Turin. The accidents of the course of the war made the north the scene of the Republican Fascist government when for nearly two years, with German support, Mussolini and those who went north with him strove to organize an army and a government. The result of this phase was that there were and are, far more diehard Fascists in the north than anywhere else. But the real, genuine question of removing the adherents of Mussolini from im-

d Politicians in Italy

portant positions, public or industrial, and of punishing those Italians who identified themselves with the German cause is carefully and deliberately merged by the Italian Communists and Socialists into a general strategy which seeks to use this issue in order to bring about a political and economic revolution.

It was Lenin's dictum, "Turn the imperial war into a civil war." In Italy it is easy, because all the industrialists collaborated to a greater or lesser extent with the Fascist regime. It was the condition of their survival. It is the excuse of northern industrialists today that the actual choice before them last year was to manufacture for the Germans and thus keep their factories working and their laborers not only employed and paid, but earmarked as doing essential work, instead of being deported to Germany to work there. This is in many cases an explanation which deserves to be, and is, fully accepted. In fact, the industrialists played a very distinguished part in the resistance movement, whose president was a Milanese banker. The Committee met constantly in the Catholic university of Milan, whose rector, Father Gemelli, is in rather the same position as many of the industrialists. The charge of collaboration can be resurrected and pressed against people whose real offense is that

they are enemies, and perhaps formidable enemies, of the Socialist and Communist programs.

Most Italians want stability more than anything else and see that a constitutional monarchy is a brake upon violence. Both the coming of Mussolini in 1922 and his departure in 1943 were less bloody businesses than they would have been if there had not existed a King to give legality to political change. What most Italians would probably like best would be a change of dynasty. The idea of Regency for Prince Umberto's son, a boy of ten years, has its champions, but in the main, the drive against the House of Savoy among the political parties is a republican drive.

In the new government of Signor Parri, the important and disquieting thing is that Signor Nenni, the Socialist leader, is Vice Premier, with the special task of organizing the elections. Signor Nenni is a quiet enough man in private life. He himself says rather apologetically that when he gets a crowd before him or even a blank piece of paper, he is immediately carried away. The restraint is imposed and unnatural, and it is in these moments that he becomes himself. How he will prepare the elections we do not know, but it has been notable that the Allied Command went to the trouble to send to Italy two experts on American and on British elec-



International

PRINCE

Prince Umberto is doing his best to save the crown for the House of Savoy

toral law and that neither has been consulted.

There is an attempt to say that every Italian must belong to one or other of the recognized and anti-Fascist parties. Today, less than a tenth of the population have inscribed their names as members of any party. In Rome, for instance, where the population is at least 1,250,000, all the parties together are not more than 140,000 or 150,000. Of that

Pis

Right: An old couple eat dinner in an alley of a ruined Italian city. The struggle for survival keeps interest from politics. Below: Partisans arrest a girl suspected of collaboration. This is often a device of Communists to liquidate their enemies

Harris & Ewing



number the Communists and the Christian Democrats each claim to have around 50,000, the Socialists no more than 10,000, and the Liberals even fewer.

The Party of Action, whose program advocates a constitutional republic, with regionalism and a good deal of state control of industry, has produced the new Premier, Signor Parri, who is very much a compromise, a youngish man of great disinterestedness and liberal views who will have to display quite unexpected political gifts to manage the carefully balanced government which has resulted from liberation of the north.

THE Italian army is still largely in the prisoner-of-war camps and out of Italy. The Allies fighting in Italy raised a force of perhaps 300,000 Italians to work on the lines of communication and a much smaller front-line force of perhaps 50,000. What is now needed is a small, efficient professional army which will be the ultimate guarantor of the Government's authority and of the continued supremacy of those constitutional ideas to which everybody professes allegiance, although the Communists, whose views are well known to be irreconcilable with constitutionalism, say that such issues are academic and remote and that the practical issue is to get rid of Fascism in all its disguises, which means to get rid, group by group, of all the opponents of Communism.

"Provided there is an army to prevent violence in the streets, the Christian Democrats," said one observer, "will get the biggest poll in the elections." They have an immense hold on the Italian women who are voting for the first time. But in street fighting the Communists are much ahead of anyone else today. It is only too well known that the weapons possessed by the partisans in the north have not been surrendered where these patriots were of Communist formation. Many a partisan had four weapons, either from Allies, or taken from the Germans or the Republican Fascists, and when the Allies demanded the surrender of all weapons, he handed in the one he valued least.

Because the Italians, unlike the Spaniards and the French, are in the main, unpolitical people, they are rather easily intimidated. I asked the Christian Democrat leader why they do not expose their Communist opponents in their present tactics of moderation, by dwelling on the latter stages of the Communist plan, when the liquidation of all opponents is judged practicable, and murdering becomes the order of the day.

"It would have a bad effect in Italy," he said; "too many people would argue like this: 'the last thing I want is to be killed because of politics. I am not suffi-

ciently interested, but I note that neither the Christian Democrats nor the Liberals kill their adversaries, while Communists do so very readily, therefore, much the safest course will be to profess myself a Communist and I shall be safe.'"

It is for this reason that the army must not only be rebuilt quickly and on an adequate scale, but it must be displayed so that the ordinary public will instinctively think of the army as able to guarantee order and sustain the police, and the police as able to protect private people; otherwise Italy will quickly revert to the time when everybody was habitually armed.

When I was in Rome, there was much talk of a Christian party of the Right, a natural reaction to the tendency of the Christian Democrats to move more and more to the Left as the best tactic in appealing to the general public in competition with the Socialists and Communists. Another and more important reason is that the resistance party had brought into its ranks much more reinforcement for the left wing— young people from partisan formations in the North, waiting to see a big immediate program of nationalization. The Communists have even made several rather abortive efforts to inveigle Catholics into their ranks by creating parties of Christian Communism.

There are smaller parties still, because a man can found a political party with very little capital outlay, and it even looks as though some of these groups really hope to attract a certain following and then merge themselves in larger parties, the enterprising founder coming in high up because of the support he brings. But all parties have to work against the grain, in countering the steady, widespread, and much older refusal of the Italian poor to believe in the benevolence of government and political men.

Because the Public Thing which has been forced on their attention for twenty years and which has instituted so many sacrifices, has proved in the end a complete disappointment, more Italians than ever want to get politics out of the way. They buy heaps of news-

papers and a good many reviews because they are very conscious of the unsolved, dangerous problem presented by the absence of either a governing class or established institutions. They very much wish it were all settled, and only the professionals look forward to the great debates of a constitutional assembly to re-examine everything and make the country anew.

For that is the great lesson of the Fascist experiment—that politics are not, and cannot be enough, that civilized life is a much wider idea than political life, and totalitarianism the most narrowing of creeds. The Italians were fortunate enough never to have experience of the really total State, for the Fascist reality was very different from the Fascist theory and rhetoric. Mussolini might cry, "everything in and by the State," but it was never true, for both the family and the Church have an exceptional independence and vitality in Italy. The Italians today appreciate what an immense advantage it was that the Bishop of their capital was also *ex officio* the head of the universal Church. The Italian Government had to treat him, not as part of the national apparatus, but as a sovereign power.

The Italians are well aware that the anticlericalism of Fascism, the deep resolve to claim control of education for the State, was a continuation of the Liberal parliamentary regime. What is discredited today is more than Fascism; it is the whole fashion of thought which came in with the nineteenth century, by which institutional religion was neglected or oppressed, and the hopes of man were said to lie in his political and economic life. The Socialists and Communists still preach this and take it for granted, but the great majority of Italians know that it is quite untrue, and they are today more attached to the Church, there is more intellectual awareness that the Church has been proved right and her opponents wrong, that the syllabus of errors of 1864 was a profound and prophetic document, than at any time since it was issued to shock the complacent Liberals and Progressives of the 1860's, eighty increasingly troubled years ago.



It Happened In London

► Discovering yet another mistake in his letters, the enraged employer summoned his new typist.

"You came here with good testimonials, Miss Brown," he barked, "and do you mean to tell me you don't know the king's English?"

"Of course I know it," she replied, indignantly. "Otherwise he wouldn't be king, would he?"

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Planned Parenthood

IT IS ONLY RARELY that I fill my page with quotations, but the letters I received regarding questionnaires and Planned Parenthood are too interesting—and too informative—not to share. However, despite that fact, I want to say that I failed to a great extent to hear from the people I wanted most to hear about: the ones who have been polled by *Fortune Magazine*. Said one letter: "As to the veracity of the *Fortune* poll showing that 69 per cent of the Catholic women thought a knowledge of birth control should be made available to them, why shouldn't this be true? *Fortune* polls have a reputation of pretty high accuracy." This writer and various others want to know why I and other writers and the clergy so seldom mention Rhythm as a moral substitute for birth control. "If," writes this same woman, "more Catholics were offered this as a substitute for birth control there would be a lot less looking around for something that results in mortal sin. Not many people in these days want ten children, and financial security has a lot to do with it." She says she has two children, one and two years old, and she loves them and wanted to have them. "I also wanted them close together so that they could grow up together, but I certainly cannot afford a batch of children, much as I love them."

She feels a more sympathetic attitude should be taken by the Church and not so much praise handed out to people who have big families whether they can afford them or not. "You know," she says bluntly, "ninety per cent of the cases did not have these children only for the glory of God; it was only the result of their own self-gratification, and does that need any praise? I think the praise should go to those who are careful through self-control, to bring into this world only those children for whom they are able to provide, not the luxuries of life particularly, but all the necessities."

That is true, perhaps, but who is to decide on what any one couple considers to be, in this era of the cult of comfort, luxuries and what necessities? Then, too, the family with a few children may stay poor and the ones with a good many may become wealthy. You can't make logic out of this kind of argument on financial security.

One letter is from a recent convert who thinks that the *Fortune* statement is unhappily true. She bases that on various things, among them the statement of a Protestant doctor friend in Chicago who told her that half the patients coming to her to be fitted for contraceptives were Catholic, and that she was shocked to learn the same sort of thing from young Catholic wives in her office.

Advice Not Taken

THEN THERE IS a charming letter from a woman with two little girls: "At the very outset of our life together we were advised by all the so-called moderns to postpone our family until our income was sufficient. After ten years our income is still insufficient, but we have two lovely girls. An illness has since made it impossible for us to have more children, and where would we be if we had delayed their coming?" This letter mentions something extremely interesting: "While taking a first-aid home-nursing course, great stress

was laid on methods of prevention. Incidentally, nothing is in the manual we received, but it was merely brought up by the teacher who was an authorized Red Cross instructor. I didn't like it." One can hardly blame her. To bring birth control into a class on home nursing is odd.

There is a letter from a woman who has ten children, and she says that all the young wives nowadays have fixed ideas of one boy and one girl. She says she does not exactly blame them, for "in all my experience there has only been one woman who did not tell me that I had enough when I had six—and that includes all my relatives. Young folks get so little help. In my memory I carry the hurt caused by a Catholic nun in a Catholic hospital whose words of consolation when I was in pain were, 'What do you expect when you have so many children?'" On the other hand, I have a dozen and more letters from nuns, lovely letters, showing a deep worry about the entire matter—teaching nuns, mainly, who are worried about their graduates. In fact almost all the writers show a genuine, unselfish concern about the whole matter, and in another page I shall go into this matter of sympathy more thoroughly. I want to quote now the most charming and vital letter of all—and most representative, I am sure: "With my dinner dishes on the sink waiting to be washed I take time out to write. Some years ago I filled out one of these Planned Parenthood questionnaires. I had been married nearly six years and was expecting my fifth child. I answered all the questions about my education and my husband's (we each have two degrees), our income, household help (which was and is zero), how many children we hoped to have (six or more). Evidently they thought I was facetious, because I got back a stiff little letter pointing out that we could scarcely expect to support more than three children adequately and educate them up to our standards on my husband's salary. They were quite uppity about it in fact, pointing out that most college women have no more than two."

"A Downtrodden Worm"

Let me interrupt to say, dear readers, that that is a sample of what Planned Parenthood calls "years of faithful service to the Community." The writer goes on to say she wishes people would stop feeling sorry for "Mere Housewives." She says she is not a "downtrodden worm. I do my own work or it doesn't get done. I bake, I clean, I can, I sew, I read an average of ten books a week. I belong to the League of Women Voters and the Altar and Rosary. I don't work any harder than I did when I taught from nine to four. I am not a superwoman. I can do all these things because I am healthy, like to do all but dishes and beds, and have a husband who accepts his responsibility to the children and does everything to help. Our house does not run like clockwork, and there are times when I could throw plates and scream, but we do get along and the children are healthy and lots of fun. I don't prescribe motherhood as an antidote for every career woman's sorrows. But neither do I see why we should be regarded as the Cinderellas of the female world. Does nobody think we have children because we like a big family or do our job because we like it?"

The Blessing

BY J F POWERS

Illustrated by HENRY S. HARTMAN

A CAR, passing in the flooded street, boosted an ice-cold wave over the curb and subtly into the young priest's shoes. He moved around the corner and found a deeper refuge in the doorway of an all-night hamburger place. He stood there a while before a long vein of lightning showed him for a jagged moment the face of a small colored boy, eyes wide; following the mad progress of the storm as though fearful of the outcome of it all. The priest, first squishing some water out of his shoes, said:

"Why are you out so late?"

"Gotta make money."

The priest considered what that might mean. He looked to the ground for a shoeshining outfit. There was none.

"How?"

"Tap dancin'."

His shoes, the priest saw, were frayed canvas affairs, rubber-soled, laced with meat string, and his sockless toes budded brownly from the ends. The priest recalled seeing taps on shoes upturned in the windows of repair shops and always wondered that there could be much demand. The boy's shoes were obviously without taps.

"Can you tap dance in those shoes?"

"Sure. I'm the one teaches all the guys in our neighborhood to tap dance."

The priest did not see how that could be, but believed it must be true.

"Here," he said. "Let's go inside and wait."

There was nobody in the place except the man behind the counter. He bowed faintly. "Good evening, Father. I am the Proprietor."

"Good evening," the priest said, pleased by the dignity the man found in his position.

"Here," the priest said to the boy. "You can stand a sandwich." They sat down on the stools. The priest put his elbows on the counter, trying not to look as funny as he felt on the stool. He lifted his elbows to let the Proprietor's cloth pass cleanly under. The Proprietor handed the priest a menu, again bowing faintly.

"No, thanks," the priest said, giving it to the boy. Both men watched to see if he could read it. He could.

"Hot dog," he said.

The priest took the menu for a moment. "Isn't the barbecue better?" he inquired, eyebrows raised to the Proprietor.

"But certainly, Father," the Proprietor said, two asterisks appearing in his cheeks for dimples. "Our specialty. I was once established in the South."

"He'll have that then," the priest said. The Proprietor faced the boy. "You want glass of milk to go with, boy?"

The boy was silent.

The priest addressed him: "You want a glass of milk, don't you?"

The boy's eyes narrowed darkly, challenging them both. "I've had milk," he said.

The priest frowned at the pinkness of his palms. The Proprietor spoke sadly to the priest. "And you will have nothing, Father?"

"Nothing, thanks." The priest got up from his stool, went to the door and held it open, listening. He closed the door and came back to the stool. "Do the streetcars ever come?"

The Proprietor wheeled in amazement from his grill. "But of course, Father! They have a schedule—a regular system." He pronounced the word as though it were magic. "There are checkers throughout the city. Believe me, Father, I know. My son, Giusepp, Father, he is one of those checkers."

"I see," the priest said quietly. He watched the boy eat the barbecue. "What's your name?"

"Hubert Haggerty. What's yours?"

"Mine? Let me see . . . Blair, William Blair."

The boy did not seem interested.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters, Hubert?"

"We got seven hundred in our family," the boy said, evenly, ready to contend with the priest.

The priest gazed as far as he could into the boy's eyes. "Seven hundred?"

"Yeah, seven hundred."

"Who told you that, Hubert?"

"Ma."

"Oh."

"But they don't all live with us."

"No?"

"No. But I been to see some of them. On the train." The priest saw that he should be surprised that the boy had been on a train.

"I suppose you like trains."

"Freights."

"Streamliners?"

"No. Freights. They got whistles, the good kind the streamliners ain't got."

"I see what you mean."

The proprietor set a glass of milk before the boy. "I'll take streamliners."

Disdain settled lumpishly around the boy's mouth. Quickly, to divert a retort, the priest asked again: "Do you have any brothers or sisters—living with you, Hubert?"

"Yeah, I got six brothers and two sisters—girls."

"Are you the oldest?"

"Naw. I'm the middlest one. Four higher and four lower. But Ma's the highest one."

The Proprietor turned away from the grill, as a conductor does from the orchestra, wiping his hands on his apron. "In just two minutes, Father," he said, smiling as though he had arranged the whole thing himself, "there will pass this way a streetcar."

"Thank you." The priest stood up. "Do you take the streetcar, Hubert?"

"Naw."

As the priest moved toward the door, the boy glanced uneasily from his plate, now empty, to the Proprietor, to the priest's back. "A barbecue and milk costs more than I got," he said. He opened his hand and there watery in the middle of his palm was a dime.

The priest faced around, blushing, ashamed to be the cause of such a situation, and paid for the boy's barbecue and milk, apologizing. "I've got streetcars on the brain tonight."

"Thank you, Father," the Proprietor said.

"Thanks, mister," the boy said.

"All right, Hubert. But nobody calls me 'mister.' They call me 'Father'."

"See!" the boy said scornfully to the Proprietor. "You just call him that! I knew you wasn't his son!"

Good people, they were. Church people, some of them. But they could recognize their neighbor only by the color of his skin

The boy glanced uneasily from his plate. "A barbecue and milk costs more than I got," he said. The priest faced around

The priest laughed. "You're not a Catholic, are you, Hubert?"

"No, sir."

"I hear my car," the priest said, opening the door. "Right on schedule. I'll see you in church, Hubert."

"Yeah . . . Father."

+ +

Eve of Pentecost

St. Gregory's Rectory

Dear Martin,

Your letter came yesterday and I want to thank you first of all for subscribing me to that magazine, which is one I've read off and on and always been enlightened by. I once imperiled my anonymity by writing a Letter to the Editor, but it was never printed, fortunately.

I trust you weathered the academic storm. In another year you'll be . . . *what*, besides a college grad? That in itself by then, I know, will seem enough, especially with Mother and Dad, who dream the American dream of higher (and higher) education, bound to be adulatory, especially Dad.

I wonder if he will hail your graduation as he did my ordination: "Well, son, you made it." It was on the Cathedral lawn and I'd just given them my first blessing. You'd think from Dad's flushed face I'd just won a marathon race against international competition, and yet if he'd said, "Well done, good and faithful servant" in Hebrew or Greek, I couldn't have been more pleased. Mother cried because you couldn't be there (she said), but I think it was something else. Don't ask me what.

Your letter, as I said, came yesterday. It is not my habit, alas, as you well know, to reply so promptly. I am about to embark upon a subject I've tried, but failed miserably, to be calm about. It is one that concerns all of us Catholics, as such, in this country—*mortally*.

One night about two months ago I had to go out on a sick call, and since the Pastor was out of town with the car I took a streetcar. On the way home I met a child, a nine-year-old boy, colored. Our acquaintance, I would have said then, was destined at best to be only passing. But on the following Sunday, right under the pulpit in St. Gregory's Church, sat this boy, whose name is Hubert. I don't know yet how he got there.

The next Sunday he was there again—with two of his brothers, twins. The following Sunday, at the High Mass, there were seven of them, all boys. The Sunday after, which I awaited with tremendous anticipation, virtually stalking it, I was not disappointed. The final



score: Boys 7, Girls 2. As usual, they had all disappeared before I got the vestments off and could look for them after Mass.

If I'd had any idea I was a new Saint Francis de Sales (who converted souls by the thousands, as you should know) the next Sunday dispelled it—catastrophically. The children, whom I'd begun to refer to in my mind and prayers as "my converts," were missing, not even two or three of them present, not even Hubert.

I hated to see the next Sunday come, I did not want the disaster of the week before confirmed, but it did come, and

with it came the children, all nine of them—and their mother—ten strong!

Now that we've become friends I know what happened the Sunday none of them came. The mother *had* prevented them from coming, but not, as I'd supposed, for reasons of religious dissent. St. Gregory's, she told them, is a white-folks' church. The children, however tender their years, are all old enough to know what that means. She was persuaded, however, by them, with God's help, to attend Mass just once, to see for herself if St. Gregory's were a white-folks' church only.

As a matter of grim fact the presence

of my converts in the congregation has precipitated more viewing with alarm than pointing with pride. We have a few Negro families in the parish, four presently, to be exact. The disquieting thing about the Haggertys—their name—is their awesome number, in itself a standing affront to the bourgeois ideal of a proper family. Perhaps a few melodramatic ones even fear for the future of the Great White Race. Here, in any case, are ten shining souls, brought to their knees not by tyranny, nor clamor, nor convention—the dynamics of the day—but rather of their own free will, by a love beyond themselves, for their first and highest purpose, the glory of God. It does not happen every day just that way.

The Pastor has behaved strangely throughout all this. At first he kidded me about their name, Haggerty, which probably goes back to the time slaves took the names of their owners and so many of the slaveholders in the old South were Irish who had lost the faith, so that they hardly remembered they ever had it, for want of priests. The next day our housekeeper, who had heard him going on about their name at table, made what she expected would be a welcome and humorous reference to it and got herself called down for "disrespect." Since the poor woman meant nothing by it (only idolizing him), it was very funny to see. That same day he told me he would begin giving Mrs. Haggerty instructions (they had been coming twice a week to me), as it was embarrassing for her to be taught along with her children.

MANY people, including priests, do not understand the Pastor (call him strict, antisocial, etc.), but I believe I am beginning to know the man. You may remember my misgivings when I learned I was to be his curate at St. Gregory's. He is an implacable enemy to all easy piety, and—should I say, as a consequence?—the most saintly priest I know. I recall the first brush we had. He woke up one morning with a beautiful boil on his neck. I remarked (not in all seriousness) that he was fortunate to have such a boil. Why fortunate? he growled. Suffering is a means to perfection, Father, I replied. Huh! he snorted. I suppose that's why the Bishop sent me you!

A couple of weeks ago all nine children transferred from the public school to ours. Some immemorial voices (*Crucifige! Crucifige!*) were heard. The Pastor, sensing trouble, read a circular to the congregation. This circular was published by the priests at the head of a Catholic school in Indiana, but a river's breadth from Kentucky, who were faced with the same problem. I enclose a copy, but quote from it here and now in case



Soon there would be axes and engines and dramatics from the fire department

HAVING LIGHTED THE TAPERS

By Sr. Mary St. Virginia, B. V. M.

Then, having lighted the tapers at her head,
I knelt beside the lovely, empty shrine
That was only her body. But even the prayers I said
became another swift, beloved sign
Of her possession as through candlelight
Her voice came straightening the intricate phrase
Entangled on a baby's tongue some night
I knelt beside her thus down far-off ways.
Memories other than this of candles shining
Will oftener stir my mind with their cogency—
But ever when I hear a state defining
The child as its unchallenged property,
My heart shall protest the verdict: as witness assigning
This memory that the tapers lighted in me.

you feel disposed to put it aside for later reading: "We have a wisdom which is wiser than the prudence of this world—the folly of the Cross. Let us therefore commit ourselves to a program of Catholic social action which is frankly unwise, incautious, and imprudent by the standards of this world. Let us dare to take Christ literally. Then we shall begin to be great. Let us merit the hatred of the world and of worldly Catholics by advocating full educational equality for colored Catholics. If we are too prudent, too cautious, in a word, too cowardly to do so, then we certainly have no serious belief in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ."

Well, Martin, those are strong words—for strong Catholics. Time will tell, of course, whether we have that kind here. On the whole the Haggertys have fared well at the hands of the other children. Much credit, in this respect, is due to the Sisters teaching in our school. They have supported us to the last valiant nun. Isn't it strange that the cause of our darker brethren, though one very dear to the Holy Father, like a just peace, is not much forwarded by the otherwise faithful?

The next thing is a house near the church and school. Mrs. Haggerty has enough money to buy a ramshackle one which is for sale—money left from her husband's insurance which she has held onto fiercely, as though informed by an angel she would need it for this house—but there is considerable opposition from white property owners in the neighborhood. The house is held by a loan company which, in my private opinion, will be unable to resist Mrs. Haggerty's ready cash, since the price asked is exorbitant. Moreover, the white property owners (in my more private opinion) will not be carried away by

their alleged principles, such is the nature of those principles, to shed their good green dollars rashly. The house is only a block and a half from St. Gregory's. My converts would be at daily Mass.

But enough, Martin. The Pastor's warnings come to mind. He is quite amused, when he isn't annoyed, by my fervor (his word for it). He says at the rate I'm going I'll "burn out," but I think he's more afraid I'll simply fizzle. But since obviously I'm suffering from "fervor," Martin, of some kind, please say a few prayers that if it's the right kind it won't be my first and last attack. I pray this abandon I feel in the face of obstacles—which I take to be the proper climate of the priesthood—is genuine, not temptation in disguise. My converts—they overwhelm me! I no longer act, where they are concerned, but am acted upon. They put punch and beauty in the things we take for granted, the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc. They are like new wine in me. I am an old bottle.

In Christ, your brother,
Will.

P.S. A phone call from Mrs. Haggerty just now. The house is theirs! They are moving in next Tuesday. So help my clerical dignity, Martin, I swear I'll don overalls and move furniture. Pray for us. W.

THEY walked beneath the fragrant trees.

"How is your mother, Hubert?"

"Fine, Father—" They came to a noisy intersection. Now, a half block from the Haggertys' house, there were no more trees. "Father—she act funny. Ever since we move in, seem like."

"Your mother, Hubert?"

"Ma. We got us a new desk, second-

hand, and takes turns on it. Arnold, he come after me tonight, so I best be done with my homework 'fore he come on."

"What about your mother, Hubert?"

"She just sittin' there, sewin' on the new curtains—blue ones, for Mary—and all a sudden she say, 'Hubie, run tell Father Blair to come quick, to bless the house!' Ain't that funny, Father?"

"To bless the house?"

"All a sudden, I mean. And when it's my turn to use the desk and I'm the onliest one of the kids she ask."

"Maybe you're the fastest runner, Hubert."

"I run all the way, Father, but Beecher, he the fastest."

"Then I guess she sent you because we've known each other the longest." He touched the boy on the arm, stopping him a few steps away from the house. "Hubert, how did you ever find out I was at St. Gregory's?"

"I hook me a ride that night it rain so . . . on the back end."

"Of the streetcar, Hubert?"

"Of the streetcar, Father."

The curtain fell together in the window of the front door and Mrs. Haggerty came out on the porch. All greetings, when the priest saw the degree of her distress, stopped cold on his lips.

"It's ready in the dining room, Father. The holy water."

"That's all we'll need."

"Don't you use candles, Father? I told the kids they could carry candles."

"We'll use candles too, Mrs. Haggerty, since you have them."

He took a stole from his coat pocket and put it, white side out, around his neck. Entering the house, he said first in Latin, then in English: "Peace be to this house and to all who dwell herein."

When he came into the dining room, the children rose from chairs set against the walls. One of the oldest girls lighted nine candles and passed them among the children. Mrs. Haggerty offered him a silver bowl of holy water. He dipped his hand ten times and blessed them all separately, saying, "*Vide aquam egredientem de templo* . . . I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple, alleluia, and all to whom the water came were saved."

In ragged procession they went from room to room. The odor of vacancy had not quite gone out of the house. In every room the plaster was cracked, but the cobwebs were swept down and in some the Holy Face of Christ as left on the Shroud hung on the wall and in each was a crucifix.

Upstairs in the last room they walked carefully around a pan which lay on the floor ready for the roof to leak. A broom fell sharply from a corner. "Quiet!" Mrs. Haggerty said. "How can Father bless with all that noise?"

The room became immensely still. The last Latin word came from the priest's lips like a ripe note of music. At the window a poplar tree with silver tongues abounding tapped the rusty screen in sleepy time with the flicker of the candles. He went to the window, noting that Mrs. Haggerty had tried to stitch the screen together with black thread, and blessed the tree also.

Out of the darkness Mrs. Haggerty spoke: "Is it all blessed now, Father?"

"All blessed."

"God bless you, Father."

Downstairs he stood in the hallway, waiting to be handed his hat, folding the stole for his pocket.

"Don't go yet, Father," Mrs. Haggerty said, showing him anxiously into the living room. She pulled the only overstuffed chair a few inches this way and that for him. He sat down very tentatively. In a moment the children filled the other chairs and overflowed to the floor.

"Hubie, you come here a minute." Mrs. Haggerty whispered him out of the room. The priest could hear their voices, gaining volume, going down the hallway to the kitchen. The children sat big-eyed around him, listening, until there came the single tinkle of a dish in the kitchen. The two smallest boys giggled. The oldest girls smiled at the priest. One said, "That's the lid of the sugar bowl, Father." The other said, "It's Mama's bank."

A boy, one size larger than the smallest, cheered, "Yay, Ma!"

"Shhh, here she come."

Returning, Mrs. Haggerty scolded. "Oh, I know you weasels!" She stooped for a raveling on the rug. "I sent Hubie for ice cream, Father. You just gotta stay now and have some." Annoyed, she spoke to a boy at the desk by the window. "Oh, Arnold, stop posin' for Father. Arnold want you to see him using the new desk, Father. The jay-bird."

"Why, yes . . ." The priest went over to the desk. "A fine, big desk, Arnold—for doing your homework."

"Yes, Father."

Suddenly Mrs. Haggerty rose from her chair and moved the photograph of her husband to the other side of the mantle. The priest found Hubie looking straight at him. Mrs. Haggerty turned to face him. "Are you sure it's blessed, Father?"

"The house? But of course, Mrs. Haggerty. You saw me do it."

"Would you say the words for me, Father, once more?"

He stayed at the window, gazing out, fingering the cord on the shade. "Hear us, Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, that just as You have kept the houses of the Jews from being struck by the avenging angel through the sprinkling of the blood of a lamb on the posts of their doors, deign so to send Thy holy angel from Heaven, that he may keep, favor, protect, visit, and defend all who dwell in this house. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mrs. Haggerty, sighing, sat down again. "Father, I wouldn't sleep a wink tonight 'less I got the house blessed."

"I often do it on the sly, Mrs. Haggerty. Some houses, the ones I never expect to enter again, I always bless that way. This house is not one of those." During the prayer, he noticed now, he had tied three knots in the cord. Untying them, he saw the streetlight turn yellow, flare up too brightly, and finally go out, leaving the street in darkness. The floor of the front porch glimmered in three places—four, five, a dozen or more—and then he recognized the lacy fluttering in the cracks for fire and the waving shadows for smoke.

RUNNING across the room to the hallway, half bumping into Hubie who came in carrying a package dripping pink ice cream and pointing wordlessly to the rear of the house, he beheld flames, taller by the instant, beginning to stagger across the kitchen floor. He threw open the front door. He assembled the children forcefully in an unruly circle about him. He ran his hands shakily over their heads, counting ". . . seven, eight, nine! Now march out the door!"

He barred the way back with his body. "I'll get her!" he shouted hoarsely, but Hubie darted under his outstretched arms, crying, "Ma!" The bucket of ice cream, swiping against the priest's leg, broke in a vivid pink splash on his black trousers.

He went to Mrs. Haggerty, sitting rigid as a figure of bronze, staring, tearless, and took her firmly with one hand and grabbed Hubie with the other. In the hallway, leaving his hat hung within easy reach, but he would not take it

and was a little sickened to think he had thought of it at all. He took them over the burning porch, down the smoldering steps, and into the yard.

For many hours, it seemed, he stood silently apart from the crowd with the Haggertys and watched their new ramshackle house burn down. His trousers clung warmly to his legs where the ice cream was. A siren shrieked somewhere far away. Soon there would be bells and axes and engines and dramatics from the fire department. He ached with helplessness. He still held their hands, Hubie's boney, small one, Mrs. Haggerty's medium-sized one, calloused from ironing other people's clothes. Nobody spoke to them, as though by common agreement not to, until a man stepped up and said, "Reverend."

"What is it?" He allowed himself to be drawn aside.

"Like to have a word with you, Reverend." The man had a glossy wart on the bridge of his nose. It was the only thing about his face that kept the priest's eyes off the burning house. "Me, I ain't got nothin' to do with it, Reverend."

"Well, of course not; whoever said you did?"

"But I know some of them as has, Reverend. Good people, they are, same as you, Reverend, and me. Church people, some of 'em. They just don't want no riots around here, that's all, and that's why they're burnin' the house down."

The priest considered in queasy astonishment the thing the man had said and the man himself, finally appalled by both, dazed and trembling. "I had no idea . . ."

"It's just we don't want no trouble, Reverend."

"We?" His face quivered. "We, did you say?"

"They don't," I said. "She got plenty of warning." The man jerked his head at Mrs. Haggerty and disappeared into the crowd. The priest made his way on legs of lead back to the Haggertys. Hubie met him. The priest bent down to hear the boy whisper:

"It was my fault, Father, you didn't get it blessed right. I was the one"—his voice bobbled away—"knocked down the brooommmmm."

"No, no, it wasn't that."

With an expiring roar, the fiery old house reached out to wrap the poplar tree orangely in flames, to try to drag it down, before collapsing. But the tree stood tall, slender and tragic, smoking against the sky, burnt blacker than the starless night. He heard Mrs. Haggerty crying at his side. He saw the Pastor working toward them through the crowd. He knew at last what to do, that it must be a new beginning, that he would take them to the Rectory . . . if they would come now.

Footnotes to Fame—XVIII

► "Results!" Thomas Edison exclaimed to an assistant who had expressed amazement at the number of his failures—50,000 experiments, for example, before he succeeded with a new storage battery. "Of course I've got results. I know fifty thousand things that won't work."

Here is Great Adventure

AS ONE of the issues of the *Reader's Digest* during the past year was filling up letter boxes and cluttering up newsstands all the way from here to Oshkosh, we felt strangely proud that our modest little trailer-chapel was so well known. Just think, we told ourselves, twenty million people have heard about us. In jammed subway trains on the way home from the office, or while smoking that extra cigarette between classes in college, or perhaps in the lull between battles in Italian foothills, Americans were reading about our trailer work. You couldn't miss it. For there on page 56 in an article by Gretta Palmer was this pointed reference: "In our Southern Mountains the Paulist Fathers have shown the King of Kings to audiences who have seen no other picture."

We thought this a pardonable exaggeration. Everyone today is a movie fan. The doings and sayings of Bing and Margaret O'Brien are common gossip in the American scene. But when we took the Help of Christians Motor Chapel off the main road to Cateechee, we learned differently.

Cateechee is a South Carolina mill town, three miles off the main road. It nestles snugly on the brow of a winding hill, probably like the Acropolis. But unlike the Acropolis, it is surrounded by patches of cotton, looking for all the world in early June like any vegetable field. Here in Cateechee seven hundred people spend their days, spinning the cotton they grow into cloth. These seven hundred would be our audience in the coming week—as the Mill Superintendent assured us that the trailer would be welcome to the schoolyard.

"Hey, Mister," (the priest is always "Mister" early in the week) "I'm sure glad I came to see the picture last night." This was a freckled, thirteen-year-old talking. "What did you like about it, Jimmy?" The youngster reached down and pulled a sheaf of tall grass from the ground behind the trailer. "It's all new to me—you see, Mister, it's the first picture show I've ever been to." It wasn't long before we found out that Jimmy wasn't an exception. The first picture that hundreds of mill hands ever saw was the 1928 Hollywood picture of the Life of Christ—*The King of Kings*, flashed on our trailer screen under the deep blue Carolina stars. Yes, the *Reader's Digest* was right.

Central was more or less the same way. Central was a "big town," smack on the main road to Greenville. Here there were about fifteen churches of every type, though there wasn't a single Catholic in the town. We had no schoolyard this time but the town parking lot, about thirty yards from the railroad station. Regularly at 6 A.M. we would be rudely awakened as the Flyer went through Central on its way to Atlanta with every whistle screeching. The two thousand people in Central had seen movies before we came. In fact there was a portable movie truck in town that would show three-year-old Texas thrillers in a small tent—charging seventeen cents admission. Shortly

By RICHARD WALSH, C.S.P.



The adventure began on the sidewalks of New York when the trailer was blessed with impressive ceremony as crowds watched. Then came the open road and the long journey to



the Southern missions. Below is a typical shot of a trailer mission to non-Catholics—this is one in the main square of the town of Ogden, S. C., where much interest was aroused



after the cowboy hero would give the villain his just deserts, there would be a beeline, starting from the tent to the town lot where the last reel of *The King of Kings* was being flashed on the screen. By this time of night the crowd numbered about four hundred interested Protestants who crowded around the screen to watch H. B. Warner play the rôle of Christ at Golgotha.

FAIR PLAY was our best town. Three miles from the Georgia border, and a bit south of North Carolina, here was a pretty little mission church, put up four years before. Rolling farmland growing everything from watermelons to peanuts stretched out before us. In Fair Play lived about nine hundred farmers content with their simple life. These good people lived close to the soil and grew old with the seasons. Gray might have written his "Elegy" in their churchyard. While the trailer was at Fair Play, we were seventeen miles from the nearest telephone or butcher store. The war might have ended and we would not have known of it, for our radio blew a tube, and none of the daily papers reached us. But the kindness and generosity of these simple people more than made up for the inconvenience. Southern hospitality can mean more than eating fried chicken on the veranda of a plantation. It does mean making folks feel at home—and we certainly were made at home in Fair Play. It was here that we hit our top crowd for the year—as six hundred streamed out from the farms in every direction, including one great-great grandmother who was born in South Carolina when Van Buren was President—one hundred five years ago. She liked the movie, too.

While moving the trailer through Oconee and Pickens counties, we felt one compensating joy. For we were in somewhat the same setup as St. Paul was when he went off the main road to get recruits for Christ's army. Of course we have a sleek, silvery 22-foot home on wheels with the latest in mechanical equipment. Besides that the trailer is equipped with a movie machine and screen, slide projectors and sets of slides, an automatic record changer, two megaphones and a public address system that throws voice and song over the countryside to a farmhouse one third of a mile away. Part of the trailer is a complete chapel, outfitted with everything needed to say Mass. And when the mission is ended for the night and the crowds have disappeared behind the farmhouse doors, we have a relatively comfortable home to spend the night.

But for all that, we were really starting from scratch. In most of the towns that we traveled last summer, not a single Catholic was there to be a contact man.

It didn't take us long to find out that St. Paul's technique would work in South Carolina as it worked in Asia Minor. The best way to get into their minds was through their hearts. And so we found that it is just as important to be sympathetic to the people in the afternoon as to give a good talk at night. Accordingly, we would stop a cotton farmer while he was plowing and listen to him talk about the boll weevil. His eyes would light up as he took us through his watermelon patch, and then he would point out the harm done by the last frost to his peach trees. We would let him talk and ask interested questions. And as we took leave of him to stop on the next farm for a glass of well water, he would assure us that he would not only come to our "trailer meeting" but would bring his brother too. A New York accent is no asset in the southern mountains where the memory of Sherman's march to the sea is dying very slowly—but after you show them that you are interested, the Southerners respond warmly.

The greatest asset that any trailer mission can have is, of course, the grace of God. That is why it's so important to say Mass in these towns—where Mass

► Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

—MARK TWAIN

never has been said before. But next to the power of God, it's a safe bet to say that our greatest drawing card is the movie. *The King of Kings*. Folks in the big cities would surely smile at its dated technique—for it was made in 1928 when the stars of that era overplayed their rôles. It is a silent film, too, with a sound track which covers up the stillness and helps as an emotional background.

As each week ends, we thank God that *The King of Kings* is a silent cinema. For we plug our megaphone into the sound track and comment on the picture as it unravels. Here, then, is our chief opportunity to get Catholic truth across. Surprisingly enough, the film is very Catholic in presentation—for it highlights the divinity of Christ, the pre-eminence of Peter, and the Real Presence. When reel three pictures Christ raising Lazarus from the dead, we point out the lesson of the Incarnation and show the people how important it is that Christ is God as well as man. About twelve minutes of this film are given to the institution of the Eucharist—and in this the film is particularly Catholic. The key texts are flashed on the screen. All the rest is easy—we just explain what Christ meant when he

said, "This is My Body" and "My Blood, shed for you and many unto the remission of sins." And when Peter is singled out in the last reel to "feed My sheep," it is simply a question of filling in the blanks to point out that here Christ is making the first Pope.

One of the lasting joys that fills the heart of the trailer missionary is to move through the crowd in the dark as they watch Christ being scourged and crucified—and hear the quiet weeping of these simple souls. They are more affected by the scenes of Calvary and Gethsemani than by any sermon.

Then, too, having a Hollywood movie among our equipment can take care of bigotry and prejudice. When it was known that the Catholic trailer was going to spend the week at Catechee, the three Protestant ministers in a town where there wasn't a single Catholic agreed to spike our guns. Down the road from our school lot they put up a big tent to hold a "Revival Week." At first, things did look pretty hopeless for us, as only the kids came out on Monday night. There were two hundred grown-ups singing hymns down at the tent, and we had only about fifty boys and girls. But after the tent meeting closed for the night and everyone felt "saved," the mothers and fathers would come up to our school lot to take their children home. One woman came among the crowd looking for Johnny and saw instead Christ before Pilate on the screen. She stopped and looked and shouted to her husband. "Come on up here. You've never seen anything like this before. It won't hurt you." And the result was that by Wednesday night we drew the crowd, and only a handful of diehards went to the tent mission. A scheme that was planned in spite and jealousy backfired.

THE most consoling features of trailer work in South Carolina, or anywhere else, are the kids. They are around in the morning as we are vesting for Mass; they take us all over the countryside and give us entree to the schoolmaster, to the scoutmaster, and the farmers. They are attracted mainly by the novelty of the Hollywood cartoons. They have never before seen Mickey Mouse or Oswald the Lucky Rabbit—and when these cartoons open the program at night, unlike the effete city children, they howl out loud. Then, too, they take a great interest in the trailer itself and ply us with questions all day long about its history and cost—and "what's behind this door—and what happens when we pull this switch?" They are apostles, too—for they hand out our throw-aways that advertise the where and when of the mission. They are our publicity agents, for they tell their parents and the parents come.

TRUTH WILL OUT!

DURING the first four months of the war, we were all inclined to dismiss Nazi atrocity stories as mere propaganda. Yet we were forced to change our minds when confronted with photographs or eye-witness accounts.

There was a time though, when other atrocity stories were disbelieved and took longer to verify.

The curious case of Blessed Geronimo, for instance, is an example of how slowly—but surely—truth will out. Three hundred years were to pass before his story was dramatically proven to be true!

Far back in the sixteenth century, a young Arab was bought in Algiers by a Spanish priest. He was baptized in Spain and chose the name "Geronimo."

In 1569 Geronimo was on board a ship captured by Barbary pirates. He infuriated his captors by declaring that he was not a Mohammedan but a Christian.

At Algiers he was separated from the thousands of Christian slaves laboring on the city's fortifications. He was hauled before the Turkish pasha and given the choice of Mohammedanism or torture.

Geronimo chose torture and was dragged to a new construction job in the city of Algiers. The "Fort of Twenty-Four Hours" was being built of huge cement blocks. The blocks were cast from a single mold.

Geronimo was thrown alive into this mold and liquid cement poured over him. This death by slow strangulation ended only when the cement hardened. The block was then taken from the mold, with Geronimo's body encased within, and set into one of the walls.

A Spanish Benedictine monk, Haedo, added this story to the lore of the Christian martyrs. Though he specified the exact angle of the wall in which Geronimo was entombed, his account was later deemed too incredible to be true.

It required almost three hundred years, plus a turn of history, to vindicate dramatically Haedo's account of Geronimo's martyrdom. The long, bloody reign of the Barbary pirates was finally smashed by a modern crusade. An army of Christian France set siege to Algiers in 1830.

The "Fort of Twenty-Four Hours" was demolished by a French bombardment. Among the ruins of the fort was a skeleton in a shattered block of concrete. Haedo's story was remembered by some student of history and upon checking, it was found that the skeleton was exactly in that part of the wall described by the long-dead monk.

What was more startling, however, was the mold which Geronimo's living body had created within the block of concrete. This mold was filled with plaster of Paris and a reproduction was obtained.

All the world of doubting Thomases could now view the death struggles, the agonized features etched in concrete. There was even the texture of Geronimo's single garment and the cords which bound him.

This plaster model was taken to the museum in Algiers. The bones of Blessed Geronimo, however, now rest beneath a marble sarcophagus in the cathedral of St. Phillippe, in the same city.

E. F. McNAMARA



Of course the glamour of living in a sleek, modern trailer fades when the trailer itself loses its silvery sheen after the first month on the road. The South Carolina heat soars to over a hundred at midday—and combined with the inconvenience and makeshift arrangements of meals, it's not always a breeze. And of course when the film rolls off the reel and needs to be rewound in the midst of the service at night—or when one of the six supporting jacks slips and necessitates a homemade support of boards and chains, we feel that and we pray for a bit of patience.

The kids provide a good deal of unconscious humor also. One night in Liberty, as we were answering a question on original sin and explaining why it was such a tragedy for all of us that Adam disobeyed God by eating an apple, five youngsters were climbing an apple tree right beside the trailer, and the owner distracted the audience by chasing them.

BUT after the trailer is put on blocks for the winter months, what has been accomplished? Fortunately, in the work of saving souls, you can't pay off on statistics. After a whole summer's work, there may be only a handful that will come into the Church. In some towns we leave Bible classes where we show slides for the long winter after the cotton is baled and sugar cane has been pressed into syrup. But in every town we have visited, there is no longer a spirit of resentment against the Catholic—he is no longer some strange creature with horns concealed under his hat. And for the most of the cotton farmers and spinners, they have at least, thank God, some faint glimmering of the solution to life's problems. They know something about the supernatural and know that it is only Christ's truth and Christ's grace that can make their life worthwhile. And though they don't break down the door of our Catholic rectory at Clemson, clamoring for admission, yet in time there will be a harvest.

Here, then, is a great adventure as we go off the main road in search of the other sheep. Here is a real drama, a vital contest with eternal souls as the prize of victory. And our weapons are prayer and grace and goodwill. And also gaily colored pamphlets and Mickey Mouse Cartoons and the Hollywood epic of the life of Christ. Throw in sympathy and understanding of the problems of the cotton-pickers and make all of these converge in a 22-foot box with four wheels that is equipped with up-to-the-minute loudspeakers and projectors—and there you have the trailer mission. If anything comes to be the 1945 version of a mission of the Apostle of the Gentiles, this is it.



"WHAT are the joints and breaths of the year?" That's a real sixty-four dollar question and it would stump most of the experts. But ask a simple Chinese farmer the same question and his eyes would light with interest while the flow of words in answer would devastate the most patient of listeners. To him the "joints and breaths" of the year are the pages of an almanac, living, vibrant pages of life.

The Chinese, with that genius for detail, are not content with dividing the year into twelve months. Each lunar month is further divided into two halves of fifteen days each and each fifteen days into two periods. These are the "joints and breaths" of the year. These periods correspond to the various changes in nature as the year unfolds. The first part of each fifteen-day period is called the *chung ch'i* and the latter part the *chieh ch'i*.

The first "joint" or "breath" is known as *Li Ch'un* or "Beginning of Spring" and falls during the early days of our February. The Chinese farmers maintain that if the *Li Ch'un* is clear and bright, then the plowing will be easy. Centuries of observation have given rise to certain proverbs which fittingly describe the results of each "joint" and "breath" of the year. *Li Ch'un* is followed by *Yu Shui* or "Rain Water" and it is the period after which no snow will fall but the rains will be abundant.

The next "joint" or "breath" is the interesting *Ching Che* or "Awakening of Insects." Creation begins to stir and hibernating animals and insects seek the light. The second day of the second moon and within the fifteen days of the *Ching Che*, about our early March, is called the *Lung T'ai Tou* or the "Lifting of the Dragon's Head," since it is on this day that the dragon is said to be awakened by the first thunder and ascends on the lightning to the heavens. All nature is supposed to partake of the renewed vitality of the dragon, the king

of the animal creation. Then follows the *Chun Fen* or "Division of Spring" which coincides with the Spring Equinox. Rain is expected to fall during this period for the health of both men and crops.

With the full life of exuberant nature comes the celebrated *Ching Ming* or "Pure Brightness" and during this period is to be found the great Spring Festival, the *Ch'ing Ming Chieh* or the "Feast of Transcendent Brightness." When warm south winds blow there is rejoicing for then the forthcoming crops will be abundant. Trees are planted during these days. The graves of the dead are decorated and the ceremonial visits to the tombs take place. Even the spirits of the dead, it is hoped, partake of the joy of the occasion. The *Ku Yu* follows the *Ch'ing Ming*. This is the "Corn Rain" and the most propitious time for the northern Chinese to sow the wheat.

IN May, according to our reckoning, comes the *Li Hsia* or "Beginning of Summer." This is the season when the summer heat begins to be felt. And the warm days naturally herald the advent of *Hsiao Man* or "Ripening Grain." The crops begin to take on that full blown appearance and the ears of corn and rice wave majestically in the warming winds. It isn't strange then that the next "joint" or "breath" should fail to mark the time of worry to the farmer. It is *Mang Chung* or "Corn in Ear" and how the farmer prays for rain then. The *Hsia Chih* or "Beginning of Summer" is actually the Summer Solstice and the longest day of the year.

The *Hsiao Shu* or "Small Heat" of early July soon flows into the *Ta Shu* or "Great Heat." These days correspond to the *fu t'ien*, three ten-day periods of what we call the "dog days." However, the Chinese farmers are pleased when the "dog days" are blistering ones. For they seem to feel sure that an old proverb is true, "If it is not exceedingly hot

in the three *fu*, then the grain will not be of good quality." There is a slight diminishing of the heat with the *Li Ch'iu* or "Beginning of Autumn" and a noticeable difference during the *Ch'u Shu* or "End of Heat." These are the days when the rice is about to be harvested. Then no rain is wanted for the fields are dry and the crops easily collected. There is an adage which says, "Should rain happen to fall in the *Ch'u Shu*, then it will be difficult to harvest the fruits of the earth."

Pai Lu or "White Dew" ushers in the magnificent Chinese Autumn. This is a fine dry season when long weeks of fine weather mean good crops for the coming year. The *Ch'iu Fen* or "Autumn Equinox" is accompanied by this observation, "If at *Ch'iu Fen* white clouds are abundant, then everywhere rejoicing will be heard, because of the prospect of a good harvest for the late crops. If there should be thunder and lightning, then it is feared that in the coming winter food will rise in price."

Around early October, the "joint" and "breath" known as the *Han Lu* or "Cold Dew" governs the ever-changing cycle of nature. The leaves begin to fall, the fields take on that empty, useless appearance, the frog symphonies are no longer heard at evening in the rice paddies, the humming of insects and cries of birds have ceased. And with the *Shuang Chiang* or "Hoar Frost" comes the first cold days and films of ice.

LI TUNG marks the beginning of winter. Then comes the *Hsiao Hsueh* or "Small Snow" and a few days later the *Ta Hsueh* or the "Big Snow." Winter is in full swing. The *Tung Chi* marks the Winter Solstice. With January comes the *Hsiao Han* or the "Small Cold," and then the *Ta Han* or the "Great Cold." After this the weather grows slowly warmer until the *Li Ch'un*, the "Beginning of Spring," starts the cycle again.

Missionary Chaplains

**Our mule-riding
Missionaries become jeep-
riding Padres**

Dear Father Emmanuel:

Since I wrote you three weeks ago to tell you I am a contract Chaplain, I have received a new appointment. My new job is very interesting and much like my work as a missionary. I have permanent quarters at a certain base, but I am usually here over the week end. The rest of the week finds me "jeeping" over the roads. And I used to think Hunan mules were tough!

I have under my care about twelve camps, some small, some large, and they stretch along the road for about one hundred and thirty miles. It's a bit of wear and tear job, but the work has its compensations. Just to see the gratitude of the boys, when their Chaplain rolls in to give them an opportunity to attend Holy Mass and receive the Sacraments, is a reward in itself. God bless them; they are such swell kids, and are so good to their "Padre," no matter who he may be.

The outfits I am taking care of have many boys from Brooklyn, the Bronx, Jersey City, and even one from Union City. The latter is a lad named Pat Vellucci, a fine Catholic boy, married in St. Joseph's by Father Frederick, C.P. So I, being from Brooklyn, have a good "in" with these fellows. Even the Jewish boys from Brooklyn make a big fuss over me.

That's all for now. Meanwhile keep me in your prayers.

Fraternally in the Passion of Christ,

KIERAN RICHARDSON, C.P.
Catholic Chaplain.

June 5, 1945.

• • •

Dear Father Bertin:

I have a proposition to make to you, and I hope you will not let me down. After being a Chaplain for about two years here in China, and with the men on this base for fourteen months, I'm more than ever convinced they need THE SIGN magazine. We have every possible secular magazine, movies at least three times a week, and other entertainment—and nothing to counteract their effect.

In general, there is not a striking difference between these men now and what they were back in civilian life. The well-instructed Catholics are still fervent and devout, frequenting the Sacraments, many even daily. The poorly instructed ones, those who are Catholics only through the accident of birth and not through conviction, are still the same—indifferent. There is not enough war around here to put the fear of God in them; and, freed from the potent factor of human respect—there is no family here to make them ashamed—they are, if anything, more indifferent.

One can easily spot those who have gone to Catholic schools and are well grounded in the Faith. Even though they've been away from the Sacraments for years, they are no problem. They are sort of waiting for a priest to catch up with them, and a suggestion is enough to bring them back to the Sacraments and to attendance at Mass again.

But the others—the public school products and those whose religious instruction was neglected in childhood—they're something different. Not being able to judge for themselves what is true or false, right or wrong, they are an easy prey for the magazines and the movies. They are filled up with this "brotherly love" idea and this "new Christianity," as expounded by Mr. Rockefeller in *Time* and the *Reader's Digest*, and which you so nicely knocked for a loop in your March issue. They love everybody, and think that is all re-

quired of them. A priest then has to begin all over again, right from scratch. That's where THE SIGN will be of value in supplying some of this much-needed instruction that should have been received in childhood, and as a bulwark for the protection of faith and morals. For all, it will perform the inestimable service of giving the moral evaluation of world news.

So . . . because I am convinced of the need of THE SIGN here, I spoke on it this morning at Mass. But the appeal rested solely on the merits of the magazine. The mission angle was ignored. I simply presented a picture of the need they have for it. The enclosed list contains the names of those who subscribed. (Eighty-one names.)

Now, here is the point I hope you will agree on. In the States we used to take pledges—the subscription first, the money later. I don't know whether you still follow that. In the magazine I see that the subscription price is to be paid in advance. In order to get this magazine into the hands of my men, I told them that if they wished to subscribe, all they had to do was sign their name. The magazine would then be sent them. If they liked it, they could send you the two dollars. If they did not, they didn't have to send anything, and they would have one free copy.

It's so important, I think, that they get THE SIGN. This arrangement may inconvenience you and upset the office routine, and I'm sorry for that. But here's an opportunity to get the magazine in quantity on a typical American base—cluttered with every other magazine. It will be a heaven that will do a tremendous amount of good. And it will find its way into the hands of even the most indifferent. You could enclose a self-addressed envelope in the copy of each magazine and all the men would have to do would be to enclose a Money Order and shoot it back to you. If, after say two copies (delivery of a large magazine like THE SIGN is slower than Pony Editions) any do not send the subscription price, you could discontinue sending it. But I'm sure they will pay up. They were quite keen about it. Thanks, Father!

That was a good comment on G.I. Humor in the Stage and Screen section of the April issue. Last Sunday I had preached on Decency in Humor. Today, as a sort of footnote to that, I read those remarks to the men. Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenberg deserve praise for their show here. I haven't seen many Hollywood shows—just that and one other. The other was the kind your protest would concern. Pat O'Brien's show came under a handicap—at a time when Hollywood stars were being criticized in this theatre. If this troupe had followed the usual logic, to make sure they would go over, they would have made it more indecent than the others. But, strangely enough, there was nothing off-color or suggestive about it, and yet it was one of the best liked and was praised enthusiastically. This troupe had the usual routine as the others—jokes, girls, and dancing—but nothing objectionable. Joe-E. Brown is usually the only one who gets a hand for keeping his show clean. This troupe deserves a hand, too.

Kindest regards to yourself and all, Father! And many thanks!

Fraternally in Christ,

WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.
Catholic Chaplain.

June 18, 1945.

(See inside front cover)

"HELLO."

The voice and the fragrance of a wet gardenia stirred him to consciousness. He moved his head tiredly on the flat pillow and looked up. But it wasn't a nurse in crackling white, nor was it a lady in gray. It was a young girl who wore a transparent blue raincape that glistened with wetness. (The very same blue as that beautiful uniform he would never wear again.) The gardenia was in her hair, and a pointed blue hood covered the rest of her head.

"Hello," he said without enthusiasm. Of course she had the wrong bed. He didn't know anybody, certainly not her, and he didn't care about knowing her. Girls had no place in his life now. He wanted nothing of anyone except to be left alone in this bare, white room. Seeing people made him think too much of all the things he could never do again. He didn't want to think.

A raindrop wavered on the waxy petal of her gardenia, spilled suddenly, and slid down the length of a small, straight nose. "Oh," she said, laughing, "I'm all wet, and I mean literally." She pushed back the hood; her brown hair, damp and tousled, clung to her forehead.

Tony Forrester watched her with misgiving as she removed the wet cape and pulled up a chair. She was going to stay! But he didn't want her. He didn't want anyone. He couldn't stand the look that came in their eyes when they noticed that empty sleeve. It made his throat feel as if he had rammed a fist down it. He turned and looked out of the window at the slanting rain. Let her cheer somebody else. He wouldn't have her sniffing over him, asking questions.

But she didn't seem aware that she was being ignored. She said, "I'm Janet Stevens. I went to school with your sister and I spent the Easter holiday at your house one time."

Scarcely looking at her, he said, "Sure, I remember you." He didn't. But what did it matter whether or not he remembered her? Still, a friend of Kay's must be treated decently.

"Oh," she said, relieved. "I was afraid you wouldn't. And for me to come barging in here without a passport . . ."

Something in her voice caught up with him. The Easter dance. Kay had whispered to him, "But you'll have to dance with her, she's my guest." He had begrudged the first one, but the next two had been from choice. She danced like a ball of thistledown—this kid with her hair done up. There was something about her too—but he couldn't remember. Well, what difference did it make—who she was, or what she had done. What difference did anything make to him? He was through—a cripple.

She'd probably talk about the family,

A Boy, A Girl, and a Rainbow

Illustrated by JACK W. BACHELER



He said slowly, "It's not finished, of course." "I can see

Georgetown. What a cocky little fool he had been in those days, so sure of himself—sure of everything. Besides, the folks didn't know about his arm yet. Three weeks and he hadn't told them.

But she didn't talk about Georgetown. She said comfortably, "You'll like

California. They do big things so casually out here. Even the weather goes overboard one way or another. Look at that rain!"

"Well," he said, "that's a fresh slant on the weather anyway."

"I suppose it isn't a very startling

By Irene McDermott

The day was dismal, and his future promised to be the same. Then the girl and the rainbow appeared



that," she said, "but I think it's going to be very nice"

topic," she said seriously, "but I love this rain. It's in such dead earnest."

Tony looked again at the teeming rain. Why didn't she say, "Too bad you got hurt," and get it over with? Hadn't she even noticed him—the arm, where it used to be? He carefully smoothed the

empty sleeve and waited for her voice.

When she said nothing, he turned cautiously to see if she was crying. He hated women to cry. But she was still gazing at the rain, her lips curved in a half smile. Wasn't she going to speak her little tear-jerking piece? She smiled

at him as if they had met at a party.

He thought, "She acts like I just had my tonsils out!"

She picked up a package at her feet. "I brought you a present."

He moved uneasily in the bed. Cigarettes, candy, books. Well, they helped.

She untied the green wrappings. "Kay told me you liked to paint and draw, so I thought these might give you an inspiration."

He wondered how she meant that. Of course, he used to draw, crazy about it when he was a kid. But he'd wanted to become a doctor. His sister knew this—everyone knew it.

He eyed the unwrapped box distastefully. Goopy oils—goopy as blood. He never wanted to see red oil paint again.

But the gift was not oils. It was a box of crayonlike pastel sticks, together with kneaded eraser, stumps, fixative, sand block, everything. She set the open box carefully on his stomach and waited.

He had to say something. He mumbled, "They're nice. This was swell of you." He saw that she was pleased.

She took from the package a miniature drawing board, several sheets of pastel paper, and thumb tacks. "Kay didn't say whether you did pastels or not—but these had such lovely, soft colors, just like a rainbow."

Sure, he had done pastels, lots of them—between raids on the island. He'd done pictures of the boys, pictures to send home—but he didn't tell her.

She tacked a sheet on the board and eyed it critically. She lifted the pastels off him and placed them in reach of his sound right arm, then propped the board against a pillow at just the right working angle.

He watched her skeptically. "You don't mean I'm to start work—right now?"

"Right now," she said. "I want to see what you can do."

"But," he protested, indicating the pouring rain, "what do you expect me to use as a model on a day like this?"

"Me," she said calmly.

"You?" Talk about crust—bringing her stuff up here, then coolly demanding that he do her picture.

"Of course," she said. "And since it's you there'll be no charge for posing."

He dared not look at her. For the first time in weeks he felt like laughing. "You—usually get paid?"

"Yes, I model professionally sometimes," she said, "but don't look so astonished."

He looked at her, really looked at her for the first time. Her eyes compelled his strangely. What was it that Kay had written about this girl? She was not smiling now. Her face was inscrutable. Her eyes held a hint of sorrow, even tragedy, that puzzled him.

When he realized he was still staring at her, he flushed. Still he did not look away. He wondered if he could get that down on paper. Could he capture that expression, that wistful unhappiness, so completely concealed until a moment ago?

He started sketching rapidly, but avoided doing her eyes. He wasn't that good, he wanted to practice a little. He had thought she was not even pretty. Yet now there was a kind of inner light about her that made her almost beautiful.

She said, "Kay told me you were a wiz on portraits. She said you did all the faculty for the yearbook when you graduated."

He didn't answer. He wondered if Kay had told her he was center on the basketball team, and right halfback in football. He hoped not. He didn't want to talk about things that were all over for him.

Now the eyes—he'd have to do the eyes. He took a deep breath and plunged. But he worked slower, more carefully, looked at her from squinted lids. Her eyes were sea blue, and there was no chalk in the world just that shade of blue green. He had to blend carefully as he worked, barely touching the paper with the delicate chalk.

She said, "I know a man out on the beach who does portraits in pastel."

What was she driving at? She needn't think he'd be a sidewalk artist!

"But he charges a small fortune for one," she continued, "and has a swank studio."

That was different! He surveyed his work, his head tilted to one side. But the eyes were just eyes—not her eyes. Their secret had escaped him after all.

"Of course," she went on, as if he had answered her, "this fellow is really good."

What did she mean, "really good?"

Now he'd have to do something about her skin. He couldn't leave it paper white. He studied her thoughtfully. That would take some skill. He blended colors, discarded, blended again on scraps of paper. If he could touch her cheek, just once, he might be able to capture that April tint. He scowled. What was the matter with him, anyway? Finally he laid the chalk down with a small sigh of pride.

Only then did he realize that she had not moved during the whole time he had been sketching. He wasn't sure he wanted her to see the picture yet. It wasn't finished, hardly started. Still, it wasn't bad. He really had acquired some skill with pastels. He held it up for inspection.

She said, "It's quite promising—you show definite talent. I know a teacher . . ."

A teacher! That picture was good—except for the eyes.

He said slowly, "It's not finished, of course."

"I can see that," she said, "but I think it's going to be very nice when you do get it finished."

Anyone else would have praised him. She was gathering up her raincape. Visitors were moving down the hall. But he wanted her to stay.

She started to leave, but stopped short. "Look, Tony, a rainbow."

The rain had stopped. The faintly colored arc barely visible in the eastern sky grew brighter by the second until it was a brilliant half circle so vivid it was fantastic. Tony watched it wonderingly. It faded almost as quickly as it had come.

"It's good luck, Tony," she whispered.

She was looking down at him as she drew the blue cape about her shoulders. "I can come again—tomorrow—if you want me . . ." It seemed to him she wrapped her warm little smile around him.

Panic seized him. "No," he blurted, terror-stricken. "I won't need you. I can finish the picture without you." His eyes were hostile. "I don't like people around me all the time—they annoy me." He *had* to say that. He had to hurt her. He dared not let her come again.

He saw her smile become fixed, but her eyes were still kind as she left the room.

He could not sleep that night, not even with the help of the little pill the nurse always gave him. The breath of



*There was a letter from Kay—
a letter that told of a day
when Janet was skiing*

a gardenia still hung in the darkness of the room. Thoughts kept jumping over a hurdle in his mind, like sheep when you were trying to count yourself to sleep.

That horrible nightmare filled with days in the jungle, hours in foxholes, mud, cold sweat—the slow, terrible death—patient grins, asking nothing but a cigarette—and the deafening roar of that shell—the one that got him and made the future worse than the past.

He tried to think of the future. He'd go home, back to Georgetown. But what could he do—a cripple, with one arm? His future was a blank. He was squeezed between the past and the future into the little time that was *now*—and the *now* held nothing except a girl whose eyes haunted him, and an unfinished picture.

Lying there in the dark he knew the picture was not good. It was as empty of character as that of a girl on a calendar.

He was grimly glad he had told her not to come back, glad he had been rude to her. He had no right to any girl. It was better to finish a thing like that before it began.

HE turned on the light and reached for the half-completed picture. The face did not come alive. He turned out the light and immediately her face was before him—with that wistful, lost expression.

He was imagining it. He only wanted to think she needed him. It was the other way round. He needed her, needed desperately the young loveliness of her. He clenched his fist, and futility beat against his mind with the renewed realization that there was only one fist to clench. His body went suddenly limp, and he buried his head in the flat, white pillow. Young, hot tears burned his lids and soaked the hard pillow.

Morning came, wet and gray. He wished the sun would shine. Rain would always remind him now of a girl in a blue cape. There was a letter from Kay. He opened it eagerly. Her letters always had a way of making him feel better. But today she said:

"I wrote Janet Stevens to drop in and cheer you up, although I don't know how cheerful she will be. Poor Janet—you remember I wrote you that she was a ballet dancer, had a brilliant future, and then that awful skiing accident. They thought she would never walk—in a cast more than a year—never able to dance again—still wearing a brace. Some hope now that she may be able to walk without it. Be nice to her."

The letter fell from his hand. Janet wearing a brace! He hadn't noticed it. You bet she'd get it off. He would see to

Almost A Blunder

► It is said that Georges Metaxas, when he was dictator of Greece, was invited to try out a new flying boat while he was inspecting a Mediterranean air base. He undertook to pilot it himself, and all went well until the commander, his host, observed that they were about to make a landing on the airdrome. "Excuse me, sir, but it would be better to come down on the sea; this is a flying boat."

"Of course, Commander, what was I thinking of!" said Metaxas, suddenly recollecting himself and making a safe landing on the water. Rising from the wheel he said, "Commander, I greatly appreciate the tact with which you drew my attention to the incredible blunder which I nearly made." Saying which, he opened the door and stepped into the sea.



that—the best specialist he could find.

Now he understood. Janet had lived through months and months not knowing whether she would ever walk again. That was why she had understood him, why she had asked no questions, offered no sympathy. She knew all about it.

And that was what he had to paint into those strange blue eyes. He felt new power surge through his good right arm as he reached for the wooden box . . .

He worked deliberately, every subtle stroke bringing the picture nearer to perfection. He was a little awed when the eyes began to look up at him wistfully from the paper. When she came this afternoon . . .

Then he remembered. He had told her not to come!

"Nurse, nurse!" he yelled, not waiting for the light.

A white, starched figure hurried in. "What is it, Tony?"

"Get Janet Stevens for me. You've got to find her. Call every Stevens in the telephone book."

"But Tony . . ."

"Please," he begged. "You've just got to find her."

He went back to work on the picture. He had to finish it now. Suppose they couldn't find her. Suppose she didn't have a telephone. Suppose he never found her!

The nurse came in. "We've called all the Stevenses in the book. A few we couldn't get, but we'll keep trying."

"You've got to find her," he repeated.

But what if they couldn't! He drew his brows together determinedly. He shaded in the blue cape around Janet's shoulders, put the blue hood on her hair, just up to the white gardenia.

He held up the picture. It was finished, but still it needed something. He closed his eyes to bring her face before him—it was not all unhappiness that he saw there. She had found her way out of it. The rainbow! That's what the picture needed—it was a kind of symbol. He sketched the rainbow, a very faint one in back of her—just circling her head—red, blue green, yellow—yellow! A telegram! Why hadn't he thought of that before?

"Nurse!"

She was in the doorway almost immediately.

"Wire my sister Kay, please. Here's her letter. Tell her to wire me Janet Stevens' address at once, and —"

In the doorway stood a small figure wearing a blue raincape, with a gardenia in her hair.

"Janet! You came back!"

He saw her face turn the color of peach blossoms. The nurse vanished. Janet pulled up a chair, her eyes avoiding his.

He reached boldly for her hand. "Janet, tell me, honestly, why you came back . . ." Her hand was small and warm in his.

"Because," she said softly, "I made a wish last night on the rainbow—and I had to come back, to see if it came true."

"What did you wish, Janet?" he asked, earnestly. "Could I help make it come true?"

Her eyes were on the picture. "You have made it come true. You even found the rainbow. The rainbow means hope, Tony."

His hand tightened on hers. "The rainbow is going to mean even more than hope for us, Janet. It's going to mean—fulfillment."



Above: In "Captain Eddie," Darryl Hickman is Eddie Rickenbacker as a boy. Mary Phillips and Charles Bickford are his parents. Below: Sweetheart of the Bickford is grown-up Eddie Rickenbacker (Fred MacMurray) is Lynn Bari, shown with MacMurray and Mary Phillips



The New Plays

George S. Kaufman, whose contributions to the theater have ranged from excellent to mediocre, earns the latter rating with his latest, *HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE*, a rather static attempt to satirize those ace satirists, Gilbert and Sullivan.

H.M.S. Pinafore also attracted the attention of Bill Robinson and a group of Negro players a few weeks back. Their version had spontaneity and wit, but it failed to arouse more than a tepid audience response and fled to the warehouse. This Kaufman version, set in a Hollywood studio, has all the ingredients of success but little of its attributes. It has Victor Moore and William Gaxton in the leads, but a paucity of comic material for their use; Shirley Booth is on hand as a gossip columnist (one Louhedda Hopson the "Miss Butter-up" of the film colony), but her appearances are limited and her lyrics and lines fizz rather than sparkle.

The costuming, setting, and casting are top drawer, but there is an obvious lack of imagination in the writing of both dialogue and verse. Spoofing Hollywood in the Gilbert and

Stage and

Sullivan manner must have seemed like a grand idea on paper. Behind the footlights it becomes several degrees less than terrific—even with the yeoman aid of such come-lately Savoyards as Moore, Gaxton, Miss Booth, ballerina Viola Essen, and Annamary Dickey of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Captain Ralph Nelson's *THE WIND IS NINETY* is a war fantasy, often quite effective in writing and characterization, but completely reprehensible in its shoddy attempt to play on emotions at a time when the wounds of sorrow remain unhealed in many hearts.

A fighter pilot in a letter to his family, father, mother, wife, and children, tells them that when the wind is 90 degrees (coming from the east) it will always bear a kiss from him. Shortly after writing the letter he is killed over Germany. His "spirit," accompanied by a harmonica-playing doughboy later revealed as the Unknown Soldier of 1918, arrives home a day before the telegram from the War Department.

It is the pilot's hope that somehow he may pierce the veil of the worlds and spare his family the anguish the terse announcement will bring. The play's most effective sequence follows the receipt of the telegram, with each member of the family recalling the man at a different stage of his life. Mother remembers a little boy with a black eye; father thinks of a young man home from college with a pipe and a new air of sophistication; his wife recalls the ardent swain who fell off the garden bench after proposing; and the youngsters vision a brave soldier off to the wars. Eventually he does "reach" them, as the author puts it, when the wind blows in from the east bringing with it a measure of comfort.

Captain Nelson's sophomoric conception of immortality must seem rather disconcerting to the unbeliever, to say the very least. Eternal, aimless wandering around the old home town playing an off-key harmonica hardly seems worth striving for. Nor is the complete lack of good taste exhibited in the overemotionalizing and blatant sentimentality to be applauded. With discretion, restraint, and study Nelson may one day be a playwright of stature; his present steps are groping and unconvincing, even though his writing is capable and promising.

Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, Wendell Corey, Kirk Douglas, Frances Reid, Donald Devlin, Joyce and Dickie Van Patten are the players involved, each contributing intelligently to an offering which proves once again that it takes much more than a facile pen to make a playwright.

Jacques Deval, a Gallic gentleman residing on these shores, has seen fit to write a comedy about American life, replete with slang expressions, smart crooks, and a Florida setting. He decided to call it *OH BROTHER!*—and that's mild to what the first night audience called it after wasting three hours in the theater. It concerns a trio of swindlers who turn up in a swank villa, hoodwink the young heiress into believing that one of their number is her long-lost brother, swindle everyone in sight and then "reform" when "brother" and sister fall in love. At this point the audience gives up feeling sorry for the actors and thinks about organizing a posse to search for M. Deval. Hugh Herbert, Arleen Whelan, Eya

Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Condon, and Catherine Doucet are some of the unfortunate thespians involved. One of the major movie companies supplied the backing for this and has threatened to bring it to the screen real soon—which is another reason for all the quizzical glances being cast Hollywood-ward these days.

Faith and Courage

An exciting blend of tense melodrama, wholesome comedy, and purposeful plot, CAPTAIN EDDIE is also a splendid cinematic encomium to the faith, the courage, and the foresight of Eddie Rickenbacker.

Characteristically, this screen accolade has more or less subordinated the subject's faith, while highlighting his courage, but the power of prayer is indicated, if not stressed, in this saga of a man who was neither hesitant nor reticent in telling the world of a miracle wrought in the vast expanse of the Pacific.

Beginning with the 1942 crash of a transport plane, the film depicts the terrifying, torturous days and nights when the survivors were buffeted by wind and seared by the sun. Interspersed are flashback sequences telling the story of Rickenbacker's early life, romance, exploits as a World War I ace, and eventual rise to aviation eminence. The strong nostalgic note reached in the turn-of-the-century scenes and the subtly interpolated comedy touches provide a neat balance for the more melodramatic sequences. Every member of the family will find passages to enjoy and remember.

Top scene of the film is the moment when a sea gull lights on Rickenbacker's head as tangible answer to the dying men's prayers. The resultant conversion of the raft's lone atheist is a highly dramatic point which is unfortunately glossed over, rather than underscored.

At first thought and glance, Fred MacMurray might not seem to be the proper choice for the title role, in either its physical or emotional demands. That first suspicion is happily dispelled as the film unrolls and the debonair MacMurray reveals a hitherto unsuspected depth and conception. At the final fadeout you are convinced that his is an outstanding performance.

Each member of the cast measures up to the requirements of their varied roles. Lynn Bari, Lloyd Nolan, Charles Bickford, Thomas Mitchell, Mary Phillips, Richard Crane, Spring Byington, Richard Conte, and especially Darryl Hickman, as the young Rickenbacker, add much to the production's value.

Captain Eddie is good entertainment for the family—but it is also much more than that. In emphasizing a strong lesson in moral integrity and physical courage at a time when both are desperately needed in the world, it serves a twofold, and distinctly valuable, purpose. (20th Century-Fox)

Tinsel

Studded with star names, designed and developed with a typical Hollywood elegance, and acted with skill by its two principals, WEEK END AT THE WALDORF emerges as a glamorous soufflé whipped up for the adult palate.

After atrocity films, grim war scenes, and the general in-



In "Junior Miss," Peggy Ann Garner takes an interest in the life of Michael Dunne, with amusing results

ternational mumbo-jumbo, this refurbished version of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* is mentally relaxing and enjoyable in its frothy, glittering category. New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, serving as the background for a series of lightweight character sketches, has been reproduced with scrupulous attention to detail.

Though the picture's artistic worth never quite equals its plush accoutrements, the performances of Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon give an increased value to an otherwise recognizable routine. Miss Rogers has never been more convincing, and Pidgeon, temporarily released from service as the man in Greer Garson's screen life, proves that he possesses the ability to create a rounded solo characterization.

Van Johnson and Lana Turner carry on the secondary romance photogenically but offering little histrionic competition for the top names. Keenan Wynn advances another step toward stardom in a slick comedy vignette, while Edward Arnold, Robert Benchley, Rosemary DeCamp, Phyllis Thaxter, and Porter Hall flit around through the Waldorf lobby and byways. Tinsel and spangles for the grown-ups. (MGM)

Life with Daughter

Living can be fun, but it can also be very hectic with Sally Benson's bouncing JUNIOR MISS on hand to drive away the dull moments. After several seasons on Broadway following a session as the *New Yorker's* favorite lady, little Judy Graves remains an energetic, determined mis-adventurer. The screen story of her attempts to meet the problems of adolescence is a delightful piece of family fun, rich in incidents and characterization and a continuous supply of chucklesome comedy.

The irresistible young thirteen-year-old with the penchant for upsetting family routine with plots and plans, not to mention what her carelessly placed skates do to its equilibrium, is played appealingly by Peggy Ann Garner. Barbara Whiting is "worldly wise" and thoroughly convincing as Judy's best friend, a role originated in the play with considerable success by Lenore Lonergan. Allen Joslyn is great as the harassed dad, with Connie Gilchrist, Michael Dunne, Sylvia Field, and Mona Freeman helping out when needed.

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Of these two accomplishments the first is the more important, because if it fails the whole program collapses, and we shall be back where we started, if, indeed, we are not worse off than ever. The Big Five have the armed might to make modern war. They have the industrial plant and resources that the world needs for reconstruction now and for prosperity in the future. If they work together, as it is hoped they will, all will be well. If they decide to differ and each go its own separate, selfish way, the world will face a tragic situation.

This is exactly what happened after World War I. The Allied and Associated Nations attained a large measure of co-operation in the fighting of that war. It compared favorably with that reached by the United Nations in World War II. But soon after victory had been won, it fell to pieces, and each of the major nations went its own way. It made an impossible world.

This impossible world had its full realization at the Paris Peace Conference. This was turned into an international grab bag. All participating na-

tions, except the United States, made exorbitant demands—some for territories, some for reparations that could not be paid, and others for both. The real, basic problems of humanity were ignored, or lost, in the wild scramble for international loot. Treaties were written that could not do what they were intended to do; and a League of Nations was set up that could not function successfully. It was a mad, selfish peace, for a mad, selfish world. It struggled along with itself for two decades and then blew up in the horrible catastrophe of World War II.

Realizing the tragedy of all this, the statesmen of the Big Five have striven to avoid a similar disaster this time. This is why they did not wait for the end of the fighting to start work on a security program. And this is why they place so much stress on the co-operation of the victors. They know that you can win a war and lose the peace. That they don't want to happen again.

A mere listing of these five nations and some of their international assets will make it clear why so much importance is attached to their collaboration in the peace years. They are:

1. The United States, with the most powerful navy, the largest air force, the second biggest army numerically and the best equipped and trained; 60 per cent of the world's total industrial out-

put; 75 percent of the world's merchant marine; and about 75 per cent of the world's monetary gold.

2. Russia, with the world's greatest army, an army that can dominate Europe and Asia, about one-sixth of the earth's surface and one-tenth of its population, a great industrial machine with vast possibilities for growth, as it has an abundance of vital raw materials.

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All five of these powers showed a willingness to co-operate in the deliberations of the San Francisco Conference, and at times to compromise in the interest of unanimity. France, of course, refused to be one of the sponsoring powers, because she wanted to offer amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks Charter, which was the basis of all the discussions. Later, however, she joined with the Big Four to make it the Big Five, and found little difficulty in accepting their program. The United States, Britain, and China collaborated from the start both as sponsors and because of a community of interests.

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compromise ended a conference crisis. As the conference progressed, she found it easier to go along with the other members of the Big Five, and this may be a good augury for peace. For most observers now concede that the world cannot know a lasting peace unless Russia is part of it.

The San Francisco deliberations indicated one thing very clearly: that is that unanimity will not come easy now or in the future. However, most unbiased observers in San Francisco agreed that unanimity on most essentials will be possible.

This unanimity is expected to operate through the Security Council, which in turn will be the dominant organization of the new League. Each of the Big Five will have permanent seats on this Council, and each will have the right of veto. There will be six other nations represented on the Council, but it can take no action without the concurrence of all five of the veto powers, for one veto by one of these powers could halt action.

This Security Council will be the organization in the new League entrusted with keeping the peace. It will have the right to investigate all problems that might disturb international tranquillity. It will define what an aggressor is and then proceed to deal with any aggressors that may appear. It may even deal with potential aggressors.

It will have many weapons for maintaining the peace. First, it can muster world opinion against a possible aggressor. It can apply economic sanctions, such as cutting of trading privileges, barring it from world communications, denying it international credits, and cutting off its sources of raw materials. All this the old League could do, but the new League can go further: it can use armed force. For this purpose it will have an international police force to which all members, or at least the most powerful, will contribute. This force will be ready to strike fast and hard blows. Besides this, it can call upon all the armed force of all the peace-loving peoples of the world.

Working with the Big Five will be all the middle and little powers of the world, or at least those who can acquire membership in the new League. The qualification for that membership is that they be "peace-loving nations." They can elect six from among their number to sit on the Security Council, and they have equal rights with the Big Five and among themselves in all other League organizations. All will be members of the Assembly, and this, after the Security Council, will be the most important of the League organizations.

The intention of the statesmen at San Francisco was to make the Assembly the "town meeting" of the world. The As-

sembly is expected to be open to the public and the press. Any matter can be discussed there that is not being dealt with at the moment by the Security Council. The most humble of its members can upbraid the most powerful of the Big Five or even censure any action of the Council. It can ask that recommendations for action be made to the Council. It can expose conditions it does not like.

The Assembly's one powerful weapon, a weapon which it can wield even against the Big Five and the Council, is public opinion. It is likely to become the sounding board for all worthy causes and the exposé of all international troublemakers. It will count heavily on the free press of the world, which will have access to all its proceedings while the press will probably be denied admittance to the deliberations of the Security Council.

The statesmen at San Francisco took cognizance also of the fact that their peoples are living in an industrial age, an age of machines and mass production and mass distribution. The history

► It is better to give than to lend
—and it costs about the same, any-
way.

—SIR PHILIP GIBBS

of the recent past taught them that many of the problems of the world are economic and that many of the political problems require economic solutions. So they also provided for an Economic Council and placed it on a parity with the Security Council. The one great difference is that there is no Big Five domination of the Economic Council and no veto over its actions. It is free to investigate economic problems on a global scale and to recommend action to the Security Council and to member nations of the League. It can act much as did the International Labor Office of the old Geneva League, and like it do much good.

The Economic Council is expected to deal with all economic problems that can disturb the world. The statesmen realized that many of these problems lead to international strife and sometimes to war. It will take up such matters as international monopolies, barriers to trade, access to raw materials, foreign exchange, and shipping and communications. Its sponsors make big predictions for it. They go so far as to say that when it is in full operation it will avert most of the troubles of our time and make the Security Council unnecessary in that it will have little or nothing left to do.

Finally the statesmen carefully drafted a statute for a new Court of Interna-

tional Justice, but this new court is almost identical with the old, and will sit in its palace in The Hague. They found that the old court functioned well, so there was little disposition to change it. The one drastic change made was to limit its members to members in the new League, and this will bar some nations, notably Franco Spain.

All this San Francisco program for world security is incorporated in the charter written here. The over-all organization will be known as the United Nations, further evidence of the fact that it is intended to be a continuation into the peace years of the organization that won the war. The statesmen who drafted it were conscious from the start on April 25 that they were dealing with the hopes and aspirations of suffering humanity. Many of these statesmen came from nations that had been overrun by the cruel aggressors and knew what war was in all its horror. All came from countries that helped to beat the enemy in Europe and from many that were still battling with an implacable enemy in the Pacific. They knew that their peoples needed peace above anything else, a peace that would give them a chance to reconstruct their ravished countries and to rehabilitate their homes and their lives. First and last, they felt that they must produce a program that would make peace possible.

Have they succeeded?

Doubtless the answer lies in the will of the people themselves. If they have at last learned the lesson of Him who said "Love thy neighbor as thyself," the answer will be in the affirmative.

The organizations provided for in the San Francisco Charter can bring lasting peace if the peoples of the world will only insist that they do. For this certain things are necessary. The Big Powers themselves must keep the peace. They must not use their might and their veto for their own selfish ends. The smaller powers must drop pride as a national policy and greed as a national motive. The peoples of all countries must send men and women into their legislatures who will serve the cause of peace, and not merely give it lip service.

In other words, the world cannot know a lasting peace unless and until it deserves it. The will for peace has burned fiercely during these terrible war years; but it can flicker out in the peace years as it did before. A generation of men often forgets the miseries and aspirations of its fathers. The sufferings of World War II have been so terrible, however, that they may have taught mankind a lasting lesson. If they have, mankind will get behind the San Francisco program. If it does, that program will work and bring the world a tranquillity unparalleled in history.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Scents

► "NOSE APPEAL" is a new wrinkle in salesmanship, according to Jan Spiess, writing in "Cosmopolitan":

To the man who buys it and the woman who wears it, perfume is still romance in a bottle, but in the new world of perfume it has become a vital feature of the hosiery you wear, the luggage you carry, and the linoleum on your kitchen floor. In the industrial field aromatics are playing their new role. For every industrial application there is a pleasant odor that must be added or an unpleasant odor that must be overcome. The instinct to buy by smell is becoming an important factor in the selling world.

Many of the objects which we consider daily necessities would be unusable because of their bad odor were it not for aromatics that can impregnate them and disguise the unpleasantness. A traveling bag is perfumed to kill the unpleasant odor of the tanned leather; fabrics are perfumed to neutralize the odor of starches; and perfumes are a "must" in the manufacture of linoleum, medicine, ink, whisky, and even food. . . .

There is also a patent to release odor through the sound track of movies so that when you see Lana Turner you may also smell the perfume she is wearing. And a relationship between color and fragrance has been evolved into a scale showing white flowers have the most agreeable odors and brown flowers the most disagreeable.

In a popularity poll on odors the rose, most feminine of flowers, came first with 87% liking it; lilac and pine found 83% in favor; coffee had 76%; carnation, lavender, orange, strawberry, wintergreen, peppermint, and vanilla had 60% liking them; tea and tobacco had 35% for; gasoline (this was before rationing) had only 17%; fish had 10%, and 1% came out boldly for garlic.

Musie a la Barnum

► AMERICA TODAY is the greatest center of advanced musical activity in the world. But half a century ago things were a little different. By David Ewen in "Etude":

A great orchestral favorite was a piece called *Fireman's Quadrille*, which was heard on programs that also included music by Mozart and Beethoven. The clang of firebells sounded offstage, as the music was played on the stage. Suddenly, firemen in full regalia marched on the platform to pour actual water from fire hoses on a simulated fire. The music reached a feverish climax as the firemen marched triumphantly off. Another popular number was *The Railroad's Galop*, during the performance of which a toy locomotive would be set off on the stage, puffing smoke as it ran. Still another favorite was *The Battle of Prague*, a cacophonous piece enlisting tin pans, rattles, and any other available percussive contrivance capable of registering noise.

As in the circus, so at concerts—quantity not quality drew

the crowds. It was nothing unusual to have concerts by orchestras numbering several hundred, and choruses aggregating thousands of voices. The Chicago World's Fair advertised the fact that Theodore Thomas would conduct "the largest orchestra ever to assemble on the stage." At the Boston jubilee of 1869, and again in 1872, the orchestra numbered a thousand musicians, while the singers totaled ten thousand.

At the 1872 affair, Johann Strauss, the great waltz king, was guest conductor of his own *The Blue Danube Waltz*. He left us his somewhat dazed impressions of that event: "On the musicians' tribune there were twenty thousand singers; in front of them the members of the orchestra. . . . A hundred assistant conductors had been placed at my disposal to control these gigantic masses. . . . Now just conceive of my position face to face with a public of four hundred thousand Americans. There I stood at the raised desk, high above all the others. How would the business start, how would it end? Suddenly a cannon-shot rang out, a gentle hint for us to begin playing *The Blue Danube*. I gave the signal, my hundred assistant conductors followed me as quickly and as well as they could, and then there broke out an unholy row such as I shall never forget. As we had begun more or less simultaneously, I concentrated my whole being on seeing that we should finish together too! Thank Heaven, I managed even that. It was all that was humanly possible."

Baseball

► LT. (JG) FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM gives the history of several popular sports in an article in "Argosy." The following excerpt concerns the origin of baseball:

There are conflicting theories as to the origin of baseball. The most popular is that the game was invented by Abner Doubleday, in 1839, and played first in Cooperstown, New York. But many findings prove it was invented earlier.

From our impartial grandstand seat, we can observe that baseball has many characteristics of cricket, and the line of descent may be traced back through two games also played with a batter and fielders and bases—one, played in England, called "rounders" and another played in America, called "one old cat or two old cat." Both were popular long before 1839. Youngsters in England and America who couldn't afford regular cricket bats and wickets, set up posts as "base stations," and smacked the ball with any kind of bat. The batter was out if the fielders hit him with the ball.

Search For a Pearl

► THE FOLLOWING ITEM should be of particular interest to jewelers. From the "Father Mathew Record":

A man went to a Bond Street jeweler and said he was in London for a few days, in order to make his wife a really magnificent silver wedding present of pearls. He chose a

single pearl of great beauty, having ascertained that it was unique, and he paid six thousand pounds, his check being duly cleared and the pearl delivered. Next day he returned to the shop. His wife was very, very pleased, but not satisfied, for she had set her heart, womanlike, on having a pair. Were they sure they could not match it? He returned the next day, and the next, and the next, saying he was determined to gratify her. Had they searched everywhere? Let them continue, not minding about the price, even if it should cost double. This was the event of a lifetime. Then the jewelers, through the Hatton Garden market, were able to hear of just such another pearl, and they bought it for nine thousand pounds. They hurried to the hotel with the good news that by great luck an exact duplicate had been found. But the man could not be found; and the jewelers slowly realized that they had bought back their own pearl.

Animal Tricks

► IN HIS POPULAR DEPARTMENT in the "*American Mercury*," Alan Devoe writes of the deception and trickery practiced by animals in their own defense:

In the simplest camouflage-trickery, the animal wears always the same garb. In the next further elaboration of the trick, dress alters with the alteration of environment. The deer, dappled in fawnhood, loses its spots with maturity and never again makes radical change in appearance. But every spring the backs of the weasels turn brown, to the color of the earth, and every fall turn white, to the color of the snow. Seasonally, in the same way, Arctic foxes and varying hares metamorphose with rhythmic duplicity. . . . Finally, among many frogs and fish and lizards and other preyed-on beings with thin, naked skins, the changing of color to match background becomes almost continual. Gliding from open shallows into the dark pool, a common perch's color deepens and darkens as though the shadows had stained it. A prawn is now the color of weeds, and now of sand, and now at night of the deep blue sea. . . .

Perhaps most remarkable among the trickeries are those that are wholly of behavior. Stranger than deceit by appearance, they are deceit by act. They may be seen by any countryman who has ever hunted opossums, or startled meadowlarks or killdeer from their nests, or surprised a common hog-nosed snake by the wayside. When danger overwhelms, inescapable, an opossum relaxes into an immobility and inertness that counterfeit death. When danger approaches, a meadowlark slips from her nest, emerges from cover some distance away, and with trailing wing and piteous cries pretends to be badly injured. Faking crippledness, engaging the molester's attention, she lures him ever farther and farther from the nest. A frightened hog-nosed snake, harmless as an earthworm, first fakes dreadfulness—swelling and flattening its head, rearing, striking, hissing furiously—and then, if this stagey terrorizing fails, abruptly opens its mouth, gives a gasp as of despair, collapses, and rolls over on its back in a semblance of death.

Chaplain Courageous

► OUT OF THIS WAR have come many stories of bravery under fire. We quote from "*Collier's*" a few paragraphs from an article by Quentin Reynolds about a Catholic chaplain and his ship, the U.S.S. Franklin:

Father O'Callahan had given the last rites to dozens of men; he'd prayed with the wounded and now, for the moment, he was finished. A strong breeze came from starboard to pierce the heavy smoke, and from the bridge Gehres saw the padre manning a hose. Exhausted men numb from shock lay on the deck, but when they saw the padre, with

the white cross painted on his helmet, they climbed to their feet and followed him.

Hot bombs still rolled about the deck. They were all "armed"; that is, sharp contact would explode them. O'Callahan pointed his hose and led the men to them. He knew that if the heavy stream of the hose ever hit the sensitive noses of the bombs they would explode. Cleverly he directed the stream to the deck a foot from the bombs and literally sprinkled and sprayed them, keeping them cool even though fires raged within feet of them and smoke occasionally hid them from view. A man could stand only a few minutes of that choking smoke. They would fall back gasping, and O'Callahan would cry for more men. He seemed made of iron. . . .

Fire threatened a five-inch magazine below, loaded with shells. O'Callahan saw the danger and rushed into the magazine, calling for men to follow. Heat had blistered the paint off ammo lockers, and heavy greenish smoke poured out. The padre wet down the lockers and the shells, and then helped carry the stuff out and dump it overboard.

"The padre's praising the Lord and he's passing the ammunition," somebody yelled.

One man repeated it to another. It traveled all over the ship. The men grinned. The padre was all right. He didn't know it, but up on the bridge Gehres was saying to himself, "If we ever get out of this, I'll recommend that Irishman for the Congressional Medal."

The padre went from one part of the ship to another. He was always where things were hottest and he was smiling, and his good humor and his courage acted as a tonic to men who had almost reached the breaking point. Now flaming gasoline had broken out all over. It sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard. The fight to survive went on.

Her "Newest Miracle"

► IN THE "*CATHOLIC FIRESIDE*," published in London, is the following account of the conditions at Lisieux, home of the Little Flower, that have been left in the wake of war:

A correspondent back from the Western Front tells me that he recently had an opportunity of visiting Lisieux. Grief and amazement were the two strongest emotions he experienced as he viewed what was once the pretty little town so dear to the hearts of Catholics all over the world.

He grieved because of the terrific damage, and was amazed to see how the shrines so intimately associated with the "Little Flower" had escaped the carnage.

Out of a peacetime population of 16,000 in Lisieux 2,000 were killed and 10,000 rendered homeless by the bombings in June last.

These figures give some indication of the devastation and reveal how remarkable it is that the Carmel and the Chapel where St. Teresa lies buried escaped with only slight damage.

Near the great new Basilica on the outskirts of the town there were more than a hundred "near misses," but the uncompleted fabric of the building suffered very little. Many windows were broken and the cloisters outside the Basilica were slightly damaged.

Another precious shrine, *Les Buissonnets*, the home of the Saint's family, was not damaged in any way.

Sixteen times in June the bombs rained down on Lisieux; fires spread over the length and breadth of the town, devouring everything in their path, but when the flames approached the Carmel and the Chapel where the Saint's body is enshrined they seemed to slacken, then died out completely.

This is the story the townsfolk tell today and with quiet confidence they declare that this was St. Teresa's "newest miracle."

The Pigtail Stage

By LUCILE HASLEY

NO ONE would ever think of me, the mother of two children, as an adolescent. An adolescent has a certain coltlike charm, a refreshing artlessness, a wide-eyed receptiveness. Just the term *adolescence* conjures up a picture of a tight rosebud just beginning to unfurl. That is not me, definitely. If I ever *was* a rosebud, I unfurled long ago.

But adolescence also has another side to it, not quite so appealing. Awkwardness. Tears and giggles; teeth braces and red nail polish. Dreams of Glory clashing with the fear of being laughed at. A smart-alecky brashness; a sensitive unsureness.

The girl is growing up and, in the process, she can be very, very difficult to stomach.

This second image of adolescence, bear in mind. It is what I mean when I say that I am an adolescent in the process of growing up in Catholicism.

The odd part of all this adolescence awareness is that, up to a few years ago, I considered myself a mature and well-versed Catholic! As converts went, I guess I even thought I was quite a glad-some addition to Mother Church. When certain people said: "You're the intellectual type. Yours was an intellectual conversion," I smiled deprecatingly but didn't argue the point at all.

Either I did a beautiful job of covering up my colossal ignorance, or else those certain people themselves didn't realize the depth and the richness of the inexhaustible gold mine that *is* the Church. There was the gold mine all the time and there also was I, with my little sieve, just playing around with the gold dust. No nuggets.

Some converts, like Chesterton, enter the Church after years of study, brooding, inward struggling. I joined the Church like a baby crawling into a playpen. I was twenty-one. I was too old to have a Santa Claus acceptance and too young to give it a seasoned and judicious weighing. I took instructions for one whole month (I laugh hollowly) and, at the end of that time, I was ready to be knocked over like a tenpin.

I suppose I was inoculated with faith.

Faith is fine—I heartily approve of it!—but faith without much knowledge has to be 100 per cent foolproof to weather the storm. I accepted, with complete faith, the Church as the true Church. Its historical pedigree left me speechless. If I believed it to be true, then, all I had to do was—in the leisure years before me—proceed to digest more slowly and more carefully all the doctrine that I had swallowed in one gulp. It was all going to be very simple. True, the priest left me with this parting, ominous injunction: "You are obliged to keep learning, and the more you learn the more will be expected of you." I didn't realize it, but he was pronouncing a life sentence.

But I entered the Church blithely. Surely, surely, I had most of it under my hat. Ah, I was like a child splashing around the edge of a pool; I didn't realize that out toward the middle the water got very, very deep. I didn't know that one day I'd be trying to understand the Mystical Body, the "Christ-in-me," the Christ in my neighborhood butcher. (The butcher who regards me stonily as I plead for a pound, a half-pound—well, then, a quarter of a pound of bacon.)

I didn't dream that one day I would be in a study club, up to my ears in an undreamed-of world of Catholic thought—liturgy, scholastic philosophy, ethics, and apologetics. I never dreamed that I, Mrs. Hasley, would be batting out choice little assignments like—well, proving, through reason, the immortality of the soul. (I chew my pencil, I absently twist a lock of hair. My soul, poor thing, what is it, to begin with? Is it my mind,

Being a convert is no laughing matter, but it does have its laughs. An engagingly humorous account



Lucile Hasley at her desk in her South Bend home

my personality, or a vague sort of balloon somewhere around my appendix?)

Ah, converts, join a study club—there's nothing like it. ("Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here.") It's a fascinating business, and I can't help feeling sorry for the convert who stops short. They, the stop-shorters, are like people who eat canned soups—year in, year out—without realizing that a home-made stew is much more delicious and nourishing. Of course, the can opener is easier.

I am not now speaking of the truly simple souls. I would no more hand that little old lady over there, saying her beads, a copy of the *Summa* than I would hit her over the head with it. No, I envy the scrub lady who barely knows the fundamentals but has a faith that never questions, never ponders. I even envy a certain pious elderly man I know who, with childlike candor, always drinks his cup of coffee before going to communion. Both of these are Babes in the Wood, and Christ has always shown a great and somewhat disconcerting partiality for children.

What is, I wonder, the status of the not-so-simple convert who has faith but still ponders and questions and keeps stubbing his toes? Is it his fault that, at the time he embraced Catholicism, he didn't realize all there was to embrace?

Born Catholics love converts, stubbed toes and all. They all but reach out and pat them tenderly. But I have a sneaking suspicion that there are many converts who need not a pat, but a shove. They have gone tepid. The glow and the drama of being a convert wear off as one gradually gets bored with "canned soup" or stumbles over things not understandable. (Sometimes, alas, we find a convert who never had the glow to begin with. His was a marriage of convenience to the Church, not a love affair. Just the term "embraces Catholicism" implies that love should be there. But I'm not talking about these quislings from the Protestant ranks; I mean the honest convert.)

Before joining, it was permissible—nay, commendable—to ask ruthless questions, but after the official plunge the convert hesitates. He's supposed to be a *bona fide* member now, no longer a seeker. A question, a doubt, smacks of sabotage.

My advice (hard-earned) to that convert is: *Still be a seeker*. Don't try uneasily to smother those vague, uncertain doubts. Drag them out in the open and flog the daylight into them. Otherwise your faith may peter out like a lamp with a dwindling supply of oil. Give the Church a chance to prove its claims.

Do I sound as if I were Moses himself, stone tablets in hand? Oh, there are lots of things that I'm still gnawing away on: free will; the suffering of children; the Mystical Body and race prejudice; why "good" Catholics aren't more Christ-like, etc. These are problems to make anyone pause, but, look, I was stopped cold on one of the easiest things in Catholicism. The saints.

I took great pains not to investigate them because I was afraid to overstrain my credulity. I was satisfied with the sketchy tidbits I had picked up to let well enough alone. St. Francis loved birds, St. Patrick disliked snakes, St. Thérèse was partial to deluges of American Beauty roses, Blessed Martin was fond of field mice, St. Teresa sailed through the air, the Curé d'Ars lived on stale potatoes, St. Catherine bossed the Popes around, St. Anthony ran the Lost and Found. Well—!!

With a blithe sweep of the hand, I relegated them to the parochial classroom; Superman stuff for the eighth graders. But, hold on tight! That sweep of the hand also included the Queen of Saints. I graciously accepted all the dogma pertaining to Mary (let her have her Immaculate Conception, her As-

sumption), but I remained coolly aloof in the best Protestant fashion. No devotion. I gazed in bafflement at those who "fled to Mary."

Who said I had to pray to Mary if I didn't want to? Mary, for me, was buried fathoms deep beneath a cloying sentimentality. Mary was an extraneous devotion. I could take her or leave her. I left her. But one day I found her. One fine day I mentioned this blind spot—oh, so casually—to a priest that I greatly admired. I rather expected him, I guess, to tear the Roman collar off with one strangled gesture, roll up his sleeves, and pitch in. Instead he (wise as a serpent, gentle as a dove) merely said, cozily: "I couldn't get along without Mary."

Period. End of apologetics. So instead of *him* rolling up his sleeves, I rolled up *mine*. I found what I needed in a slim little book called *The Reed of God* by Caryll Houselander. It was written, she said, for those to whom Mary is merely "the madonna of the Christmas card, immobile, seated forever in the immaculately clean stable of golden straw and shining snow." For me, Mary—on the Christmas card—came to life.

IT is lucky for me Our Lady doesn't hold grudges. I don't understand how these things operate, but it did seem that, from the moment I apologized, there began a vast unrolling.

The saints stepped out of the pages of Henri Ghéon's hagiographies, smiled, and said: "Surprise! We're more than a musty relic, a tinted statue, a holy card bookmark. We're real."

And then I heard someone refer to St. Francis de Sales as the patron of Catholic writers. I figured a little apple-polishing wouldn't come in amiss, and so I read his *Introduction to the Devout Life*. Lord love us, St. Francis seemed to have big ideas for me and the butcher and baker and the candlestick maker. You didn't need a Roman collar or a black veil; your uniform could be either

overalls or an apron or a Sloppy Joe sweater. And I began feebly to grasp that a devout life meant more than just slinging your envelope regularly into the collection basket. More than attending Sanctuary Society bridge parties and lugging home innumerable door-prizes.

More books followed. Books with titles that once scared me off. But this is not intended as a plug for Better Books Week. It is true that you won't get far by sticking to the Elsie Dinsmore type of religious best-seller, but that's not my point. All I'm saying is that there was a case of seeking and finding. Generally this refers to the more lofty plane of praying, but perfect prayer, higher contemplation, etc., are still beyond me. (Adolescents have a hard time sitting still; they wiggle and squirm around.)

For some of us the way must be through reading. For how acquire a truly Catholic mind if you don't even know what it means? A convert once wrote me: "I feel as if I had taken out naturalization papers in a strange country. I don't even know how to speak the language."

Christ does not answer questions out loud. But perhaps He's standing close by when your hand reaches out for that rental book. What will it be? At the impartial rate of 3¢ a day, you can choose either *Forever Amber* or *The Bone and the Star*. You can pluck either a weed or a flower.

Maybe this is where Christ steps in. Maybe He's saying: "Go on. Take that one, it's good. It'll clear up loose ends. And that one up on the top shelf will jar you loose from your lukewarm mediocrity. You could use that, my friend. . . ."

Of course I'm just imagining Christ in a book shop. I wouldn't really know how it works. I'm just an adolescent. But this adolescence is an awkward stage, and the sooner I can pin up my pigtails and stay up late with the grown-ups, the better I'll like it.

Sign Language . . .

► The woman, she was still called "Miss," had parked her car by a fire hydrant. After an hour of Saturday morning shopping, she returned, got in the car, and was ready to drive blithely away. A cop on the other side of the street put up his hand for her to stop. She paid no attention but put the car in gear. The cop came rushing across the street. "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?" he yelled.

"I ought to," the senior miss replied. "I've been a school teacher for fifteen years."



Calvary—A. D. 1945

By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

IN OBSERVING an anniversary, men do more than recall an eventful day. They renew their realization of whatever made the day significant originally. No event warrants commemoration unless it be of enduring importance. Christ's faithful, the world over, foster an indelible recollection of what He underwent and accomplished on the original Good Friday. Annually, in a spirit of sympathy and gratitude, we observe that anniversary as a significant and holy day. Indeed, for many followers of Christ Crucified, every Friday the year round occasions a similar remembrance. To appreciate the unearthly and eternal importance of Calvary is to be of one mind and heart with God Himself.

In well-nigh countless ways, we are reminded of the passion unto death of the God-Man, the "one Mediator of God and men" whose cross is acknowledged as "our only hope." Images of the Crucified are displayed reverently in all centers of Catholic influence—atop churches, surmounting altars, enshrined in homes, in schools, and even along the wayside. Prayerful devotions, both public and private, are a daily tribute from contrite and grateful hearts to the Heart of the Man of Sorrows, and are at the same time an occasion of inspiration and courage to all who heed His injunction: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." Intelligent, heartfelt co-operation with Christ Crucified is a characteristic of every normal Christian.

During His public career upon this earth, and prior to His self-sacrifice on Calvary, our Divine Saviour resorted to the stratagem of miracles. In doing so, His chief purpose was to furnish divine credentials as a voucher for Himself as the God-Man, and as an authorization for His mission among men. But a preliminary purpose of His miracles was to win the attention of the human mind. Inattentive men can be neither convinced nor persuaded.

In a masterful way, Saint Augustine delineates the psychology of the miracle,

by emphasizing how conducive it is to make men attentive and thoughtful. The providential wonders involved in the daily maintenance of the universe are taken for granted. Miracles are not greater wonders, but are unusual. Miracles arrest attention, bestir thoughtfulness, and lead to a recognition of divine intervention. "No man can do these signs unless God be with him!" Even amid the desolation of Calvary, the upheaval of nature was so miraculous as to impress a callous, gentile centurion. "Indeed this Man was the Son of God!" The miraculous setting is so normal to the Man of Sorrows that no one of intelligence and honesty can ignore the events of Crucifixion Friday or appraise the Crucified as a failure.

Since His miraculous triumph of Resurrection Sunday, our Divine Saviour has seen fit to foster among men an awareness of His passion and death, by means of an appropriate marvel called stigmata. Stigmata are wounds which resemble, more or less, the wounds inflicted upon the sacred Body of Christ Crucified. The men and women who can claim: "In my body I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus," are known as stigmatists or stigmatics. Humanly speaking, their wounds develop unaccountably. Medical science can neither heal the lesions nor alleviate the pain. Since the time of Saint Francis of Assisi, there are on record over three hundred instances of genuine stigmata. This phenomenon is found among Catholics exclusively. As to the miraculous char-

acter of such marvels, the Church has made no official declaration. But in canonizing a stigmatized saint, the Church does refute all suspicion of fraud, hysteria, and the like.

The stigmata of Saint Gemma, who died in 1903 and was canonized in 1940, are an outstanding example of the sacred passion of Christ in miniature. In body and in soul, her atonement was a facsimile of that of the God-Man as He drooped upon the crossbeams on Crucifixion Friday. Though her personal innocence was that of a saint, Gemma suffered physically and psychologically in expiation for sinners of her day, and to revive a realization of the importance of Calvary.

To the best of our knowledge, another stigmatist still lives and suffers today—in the Bavarian village of Konnersreuth, near Regensburg. The author has been privileged to stand at the bedside of Teresa Neumann, on a Friday, as she suffered her Christlike passion. Blood flows from the nail punctures in her hands and feet, from the lance thrust in her side, and from the furrows of the scourges as well as from the thorn-



In spite of geography and calendars we of today are not really remote from Calvary and Crucifixion Friday

pierced head. This phenomenon dates back to Holy Week of 1926 and has continued ever since. From the close of that year until the present time, Teresa has lived without food or drink—her sole nourishment the Bread of Life!

As recently as December of last year, the crew of an American bomber, accompanied by their chaplain, visited Father Pius, the Capuchin stigmatist of Italy. In all such cases, we see enacted not merely an impressive passion play, but awesome reality, an unearthly reminder to us of today to co-operate with our crucified and risen Leader. It is obvious that a man's co-operation will be in ratio to his awareness and appreciation of Calvary's significance. It is obvious, too, that there can be no appreciation unless one realize his need of rescue and its costliness to the Saviour.

In one sense, our Redeemer need not have suffered as intensely as He actually did. Because of the infinite sacredness of His Person, any reparation that He might have deigned to proffer would have been adequately evaluated and acceptable. With the Court of Heaven, the influence of our Bailman was infinite. Hence, a shudder of discomfort would have sufficed, on that first cold night at Bethlehem. But thoughtless men—distracted by the playtoys of earth and time—would have missed the point for want of discernment.

Short of actual experience, it is impossible to realize thoroughly the suffering undergone in crucifixion. None the less, reliable sources enable us to attain an impressive notion of its poignancy. The basic record in the instance of Our Lord's passion is, of course, Holy Scripture. As a supplement, we have the Shroud of Turin—acknowledged by experts as a burial garment of Christ. From this unique post-mortem record, we learn many details. The vaporous exudation from the Corpse of Christ was such as to outline upon the burial cloth, accurately and indelibly, all the features of the Victim. From this negative imprint, science has made a positive—a photograph of the Crucified. Providentially, we of today can read the picture developed in the dark room of our Saviour's entombment.

Crucifixion was planned with inhuman skill. No essential organ, such as the brain or heart, was affected directly. The nails were so placed that the victim would lose comparatively little blood. Hence, had it not been for His previous sufferings, Our Lord might have agonized upon the cross much longer than three hours—even as many days. But by way of extraordinary hemorrhage, He began to lose His precious blood in Gethsemani Garden. On Thursday night, His affliction was mainly psychological, and His perspiration of blood

was a symptom of grief and dread.

Among the Romans, it was customary to tip with metal the whips used in scourging. As a consequence, the victim's skin became shredded, thus exposing blood vessels and nerve endings to direct torment. The loss of blood entailed is considerable, as is the inevitable aftermath—a burning fever and insatiable thirst. The sentence whereby Pilate condemned Our Lord to a Roman scourging is recorded in a few words, but involved throes of pain for the One in whom he "found no fault."

With diabolical ingenuity, the legionnaires then decided upon a diadem of thorns for the Pretender whose kingdom is "not of this world." "They put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand. And spitting upon Him, they took the reed and struck His head." Although the brain is well protected by the outer structure of the head, such maltreatment would be bound to cause extreme pain as well as profuse bleeding. In this pitiable condition, Our Lord began to stumble toward Calvary. It was custom-

► The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract.

—O. W. HOLMES

ary to give a narcotic to anyone about to be crucified, but this beverage He declined. By now, His body was so drained of normal systemic fluids that the sudden ingestion of liquid might have caused instantaneous death.

The Shroud reveals that our Saviour's feet were hammered to the cross with one long nail, and without any footrest. When the cross thudded into the post-hole, the climax of His agony began—suffering unendurable and unnerving even to think of! From the medical viewpoint, it is quite possible that Christ died of a broken heart in the physical sense of the term. To say the least, He died of a broken heart in the popular sense of the term—a burden of grief so extreme as to culminate in death. Upon this Man of Sorrows "the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." His anguish, augmented every hour until the sigh of death, had begun in the garden of betrayal. Even then He had declared: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death!" The Saviour of the world died of a broken heart to expiate our sins and to win our co-operation. "Being consummated, He became to all that obey Him, the cause of eternal salvation." It is within our power to render to the God-Man a tribute of sympathy and gratitude, an acceptable tribute consisting of repentance and fidelity.

Crucifixion Friday is the focal point of all our history, for the simple reason that the sacred passion of Jesus Christ is God's own method of human salvation. Hence it is not surprising that the night before He died for us, our Divine Saviour made a unique arrangement whereby we of today can live close to "Christ and Him Crucified." On Calvary, "the Mediator of God and man" intoned His sacrificial prayer: on the Mass altar He has continued that prayerful sacrifice ever since and everywhere. Because of the holy sacrifice called the Mass, no one need feel "out of touch" with the One who is "our only hope."

In the Eucharist, our Divine Saviour is present in Person. Furthermore, during the Mass He continues the function of His "everlasting priesthood, whereby He is able to save forever them that come to God by Him: always living to make intercession for us." To do so, He need not be victimized time and again in the sense of being fastened anew to the cross. In fact, immolation of that kind is impossible, for the risen Christ "dieth now no more: death shall no more have dominion over Him."

Despite His immunity from further suffering, Our Lord maintains His status as a victim. Emerging triumphant from the tomb of death, He emphasized this fact by retaining in His sacred hands and feet and in His side, the wounds of Calvary. In the Eucharistic sacrifice, Christ offers Himself in a unique way but nonetheless as a victim. Before the advent of Christ, the chosen people dedicated victims to God in a spirit of sacrifice. The victim was immolated only once and within a matter of moments, but the sacrifice lasted as long as the gift remained incorrupt and acceptable. To verify today a sacrifice as acceptable as Calvary, and as efficacious, we need only offer again to our Father in heaven the very same "precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." This we do by means of the Eucharistic Calvary, in the Year of Our Lord, 1945.

Thus the benefits of Calvary are imparted to us in a way that is divinely ingenious. So providential an accommodation is, after all, but consistent with the attitude of the One who has assured us: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, taking pity on thee." Appealingly, Cardinal Newman has referred to the Eucharistic Sacrifice as the earthly enactment of what is being done for us in heaven, by our crucified, risen, and ascended Redeemer. No wonder, then, that the Church emphasizes the Mass as the heart of Christianity. Thereby, Calvary is not merely represented, but re-presented. Thereby, we are enabled ideally to transfuse to ourselves the divine vitamin of grace, inherent in the sacred blood of the God-Man.



SIGN POST

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North American Old R. C. Church

Recently I read of an ordination to the priesthood in the North American Old Roman Catholic Church. What is the relation of this church to the Roman Catholic?—J.S.W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The church referred to is one of the four religious bodies in the United States which have sprung from the Old Catholic movement in Europe. The total membership in all four branches in the United States is less than 25,000.

The Old Catholic sect was organized in German-speaking countries by men who refused to accept the dogma of Papal Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council. They claimed that this was something new introduced into the Catholic Church, and it was to designate their refusal to subscribe to such an innovation that they called themselves "Old" Catholics.

The first organizational meeting of the dissidents was held in 1871 under the leadership of Johann Friedrich von Schulte. At a second congress held in 1872, the election of a bishop was decided upon. It is interesting to note, for it is characteristic of all who rebel against the center of Christian unity, that at both these early meetings as well as at subsequent ones there were representatives from various Eastern and Protestant churches who came to encourage the movement. These differed violently among themselves and with the Old Catholics in matters of doctrine and discipline, but they all found a common ground in being against Rome. It may also be added that for political and nationalistic reasons, several European governments, particularly Prussia, promoted and supported the movement.

The first bishop elected by the Old Catholics was Professor Reinkens of Bonn who had himself consecrated by the Jansenist bishop of Deventer in 1873. He was excommunicated by name by Pope Pius IX on November 9, 1873.

From the very beginning Old Catholics drifted more and more away from Catholic doctrine and discipline. In the course of time they have also broken up into various autonomous subdivisions. As a rule, confession has been done away with, the liturgy is in the vernacular, and celibacy of the clergy has been abolished. The designation of themselves as Catholics is strange in view of the fact that in essential doctrines they do not differ from a liberal form of Protestantism.

Old Catholics put great emphasis on their claim to have valid priestly and episcopal orders because they have been received in Apostolic succession through schismatic bishops.

The validity of orders, however, is not the vital question. Even validly ordained priests and validly consecrated bishops who are not in union with the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, are not in union with St. Peter and consequently are not in union with the Church founded by Christ on Peter.

Saint Audry

Is there a saint by the name of Audry? If so, please inform me when her feast is commemorated and give a brief account of her life.—A.W., WACONIA, MINN.

St. Etheldreda, also called Audry, was the daughter of the King of East Anglia. Her first husband was a prince by the name of Tonbert who died three years after their marriage. For a period of five years Etheldreda or Audry lived in seclusion, but finally yielding to the pleas of her relatives, she married Egfrid who later became King of Northumbria. During both marriages, by mutual consent, she observed perpetual continence. In time, however, Egfrid became dissatisfied with this marital arrangement and, on the advice of St. Wilfrid, Etheldreda retired to a convent. After completing her novitiate, she went to Ely where she established a double monastery in 672. She ruled over this monastery for seven years and died on June 23, 679. The great number of churches dedicated to her in England indicates that she must have been the most popular of all the Anglo-Saxon women saints. Her feast is observed on the anniversary day of her death, June 23.

Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and Catholics

1) Will you kindly inform me on the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A.?—M.N., BOSTON, MASS.

2) Is it fitting for a Catholic woman to serve on a committee which has as its objective the establishment of a Y.W.C.A.?

3) Should a Catholic woman serve as an adviser in a "Y," even if the institution is located in a city where there is a Catholic majority?—W.E.E.

1) The Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. are distinctly religious organizations. Whether or not the religious aspect is emphasized in particular units of the organizations is immaterial to the present discussion. The purpose for which these

organizations was founded and the whole history of their activities together with their predominate spirit make it perfectly clear that both have as their chief aim the furtherance of Protestant, and more particularly Protestant "evangelical," principles and ideas.

The Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. claim to be nonsectarian. That may be true if "nonsectarian" embraces only the Protestant sects. That is a question for each Protestant denomination to decide for itself. But they are not "nonsectarian" if that word is meant to include the Catholic Church. "Y" religion has a very definite foundation which is the Bible class. At the basis of the Bible-class idea is the assumed, if not definitely recognized, dogma that the Bible and its private interpretation are the rule of Christian faith. Consequently, "Y" religion is as far removed from Catholicism as other forms of Protestant Christianity which differ from the Catholic Church not merely in points of detail but in principle.

Catholic membership in the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. is, to say the least, anomalous. Such a Catholic is enrolled in a distinctly Protestant organization which at best merely tolerates his membership. Even though he utilizes only the recreational facilities, he is constantly in an "evangelical" atmosphere. There may or may not be, for circumstances alter cases, any direct danger to his faith, but he cannot blink the fact that his contributions support all the activities of the association of which he is a member, including the active proselytizing which both the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. carry on in South American and other Catholic countries.

We may also add that the Holy See issued a warning about these organizations in 1920. Although directed against the aims, methods, and religious indifferentism of several religious and quasi-religious bodies, the Y.M.C.A. was the only one mentioned specifically. No objection was expressed to the general material activities of the Y.M.C.A. nor to its work even in a religious way among Protestants. The objectionable feature is found in its activities among Catholics, and the factual basis for this objection is expressed as follows: "this society indeed makes profession of a sincere love for young people, as if it had no dearer aim than to give them facilities for corporal and mental development; but at the same time it destroys their faith and declares that it proposes to purify it and to impart a more perfect knowledge of life 'above any church and beyond any religious creed.'"

2) No.

3) Advice on this point should be sought from one's pastor or from a priest who is familiar with local conditions as well as with the individual involved. As we said above; "circumstances alter cases."

Punishment of War Criminals

I maintain that the Holy Father has said that those guilty of crimes during the war should be punished. A friend says this is not so. Who is right?—MRS. C., STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

In his 1944 Christmas message broadcast to the world, Pope Pius XII made reference to the punishment of crimes committed during the war. His words are as follows: "No one certainly thinks of disarming justice in its relations to those who have exploited the war situation in order to commit real and proved crimes against the common law, and for whom supposed military necessity could at most have offered a pretext, but never a justification."

"But if justice presumed to judge and punish not merely individuals but even whole communities together, who could not see in such a procedure a violation of the norms which guide every human trial?"

In this statement the Pope lays down very sane principles. He does not approve of making every leader on the side of the enemy a criminal, but demands the establishment that "real and proved crimes against the common law" have been

committed. Pope Pius also repudiates mass condemnations which would include the innocent with the guilty. These principles are opposed to some of the plans being advocated for punishing so-called war criminals, for such plans spring from the very same ideas attributed to the enemy.

Holy Water

Should holy water blessed on Holy Saturday be used only during the Easter season, or can it be used in the home during the entire year?—M.R., NO. BILLERICA, MASS.

A part of the water blessed on Holy Saturday is put in the baptismal font to be specially blessed as baptismal water. This is used only for the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. The remainder of the water is given to the faithful to be taken to their homes. In Catholic countries and in some localities of our own, this Easter water is used by priests for the blessing of homes on Holy Saturday.

What may be called ordinary holy water is blessed by the priest for the sprinkling of the people before Mass. It is also placed at the entrance of the church and taken home for use by the faithful.

Both kinds of holy water are used in conformity with the Church's teaching on Sacramentals and have the same value and uses, although the formulas for blessing them are different.

Catholic Ideals

A non-Catholic friend has expressed the following difficulty. If it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that God made all things for men to enjoy, why is it that priests and members of religious orders are forbidden to marry and must forego family life, freedom, and the gaining of personal wealth? Why are not all Catholics required to do the same?—J.B., MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

A little clarification is the first thing in order. It is not universally true that all Catholic priests are unmarried. In several of the Oriental rites it is customary to ordain to the secular priesthood men who are already married. They continue to live in the married state even after ordination, although remarriage after the death of a wife is forbidden. Not all priests are bound by the vow of poverty, but all should have the ideal expressed by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount; "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

It is true that God intends the things of this world for the use and the enjoyment of all men. At the same time this use and enjoyment are restrained by the law of God. Material things and the pleasures of this life are not an end in themselves but a means to an end, which is eternal life. The trouble with mankind since the fall of Adam is that there is danger of a man's becoming so enmeshed in the things of this world that he will think more of his body than of his soul, put material riches above spiritual treasures, and confine his interests to time and forget about eternity.

Christian asceticism is based on the very simple principle that it is rational to sacrifice a lesser good for a greater good. Because material things and sensual pleasures may be an impediment to the service of God and the salvation of one's soul, it is only common sense to sacrifice them in so far as it is necessary to prevent their taking complete control of the mind and soul. This kind of self-discipline, if the word "asceticism" sounds too harsh, is necessary for every Christian who strives to live according to the law of God. It really means nothing more than observing the laws of Christian morality, and that is all the Catholic Church requires of her members in order to save their souls. Because marriage and family life and the enjoyment of the legitimate pleasures of this world are not evil things, the Church does not forbid

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them to the faithful. In fact, down through history from the ancient Manichees to the present day, she has opposed and condemned extremists who see only evil in the whole or in any part of God's creation.

We come now to consider the obligation of celibacy assumed by priests and by both men and women who enter the religious life. While celibacy is not essential to the Christian priesthood, it is required by Church law of those who become priests in the Latin rite. The essential idea behind this requirement is that a priest being unhampered by the obligations necessarily attached to having a wife and family may dedicate himself with undivided attention to the work of his spiritual ministry. There is also involved the ideal of living after the example of Christ, which we shall touch upon in treating of the religious life.

Most non-Catholics are puzzled by the fact that so many Catholic young men and women choose to embrace what Catholics call the religious life. The very term "religious life" at times disgusts them because they think that it indicates that those who enter upon this life assume to themselves a superior attitude, as if other people could not be "religious." No, that is not the implication at all. The term "religious life" is used in a technical sense and is defined in canon law as "a permanent manner of living in common, wherein the faithful, in addition to those things that are of precept, engage themselves by vow to observe the evangelical counsels of obedience, chastity, and poverty."

Everyone must keep the commandments as Our Lord tells us; "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Besides being willing to keep the commandments, there are generous souls who go further and accept the Master's counsel: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven and come, follow me." Their ideal is to imitate as far as in them lies the poverty, purity, and obedience of Christ Himself. It is indeed a way of renunciation, but it is not renunciation for its own sake. It is based on the principle enunciated at the beginning of our discussion, namely, that it is rational to sacrifice a lesser good for that which is higher. Therefore, when the obligations associated with the priesthood and the religious life are assumed, it is not because these obligations are absolutely necessary for salvation. It means a free renunciation of things of lower order for the purpose of giving a maximum service to Almighty God.

The final point to keep in mind is that no one is obliged to enter the priesthood or the religious life. It must be a voluntary choice made after satisfactory evidence has been given during a period of trial that the individual possesses the necessary physical, mental, and moral qualifications.

Prayers for Deceased Non-Catholics

Why were not prayers offered for the late President Roosevelt in our churches in the regular way as they are said on Sundays for those who died during the previous week?—A.M., KEARNY, N.J.

Public prayers and Masses are not offered for deceased non-Catholics for the simple reason that they have not been members of the visible Church during their lifetime. The distinguished position of the deceased does not alter the case. This must in no way be interpreted as a judgment on the part of the Church that deceased non-Catholics cannot benefit from prayers and Masses. Catholics are allowed to offer up prayers and to have Masses celebrated privately for deceased non-Catholics. The private celebration of Mass in such a case does not mean that it must be offered up secretly, but that no public announcement of the intention is made.

In some churches a votive Mass was celebrated on the occasion of the President's death to implore God's blessing on

our country. The term "votive" has puzzled some Catholics. All Masses are essentially the same. Votive Masses are those which may be celebrated on certain days as allowed by the rubrics and contain appropriate prayers which are directed to the obtaining of some particular favor. Thus the special nuptial Mass celebrated on the occasion of a marriage is a votive Mass. The missal contains many other special votive Masses which may be offered for such intentions as the election of a Pope, for the removal of schism, for the propagation of the faith, for peace, etc.

Archbishops

What is the standing in the Church of an archbishop? Has he any authority outside his own archdiocese?—C.C., PATERSON, N. J.

A bishop who has a certain authority over the bishops of the dioceses of a defined territory (a province) is called an archbishop. His diocese is called an archdiocese. The bishops are suffragans and the archbishop is their metropolitan. An archbishop may have one suffragan or many.

In modern times, with the increased facilities of direct communication with the Holy See, an archbishop has very little authority over his suffragans and what authority he has is more or less of an extraordinary nature. This authority is defined and limited in canon law and there is no need to detail it here.

Saint Didacus

Where did St. Didacus get his name? Please give a short account of his life.—E.L., HOWARD BEACH, N.Y.

Whether Didacus was the baptismal name of the saint or one he took upon entering the religious life we do not know. The name itself is a latinized form of the Spanish, Diego. The English equivalent of Diego is James.

St. Didacus (Diego) was a native of the diocese of Seville, Spain. After living as a recluse for some years he became a member of the Observant Friars Minor (Franciscans) as a lay brother. Soon after his religious profession he was sent to the missions in the Canary Islands. Though a lay brother, he was later appointed superior of the monastery at Fortaventura. This was a tribute to his sanctity and zeal. In 1450 he went on a pilgrimage to Rome to attend the canonization of St. Bernardine of Siena. After his return from Rome he lived at various monasteries in Spain for another thirteen years. He died at Alcalá on November 12, 1463, and was canonized by Pope Sixtus V in 1588. Throughout his life he practiced great austerity. He was distinguished also by his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady.

A Note from the Sign Post Editor

We wish to call attention to the regulations governing the answering of questions in the Sign Post. These appear at the head of the column each month and we request that they be read carefully. We call special attention to the rule about submitting full name and complete address. We ask this not only as a mark of good faith, but also because it may be necessary at times to correspond with those who send questions. The purpose of this correspondence is not to answer the question but to clarify a question submitted or to seek further information. When treating of theological and related subjects, distinctions must at times be made, and this is impossible unless all pertinent information is at hand. Due to failure to observe this rule, we have on file several interesting inquiries but we have been forced to disappoint those who sent them because we need further information in order to give an intelligent answer. We appreciate your patronage of the Sign Post and ask your co-operation that it may continue to be a popular feature of THE SIGN.



Books



THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH

By Bruce Marshall. 191 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50

Score another success for Bruce Marshall. Since the appearance of his *Father Malachy's Miracle*, Mr. Marshall's five published books did not live up to the promise born of that vigorously delightful work. Perhaps the intervening writing was just getting the Scotch convert into stride to produce an even better novel, *The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith*.

Thomas Edmund Smith is a kindly, intelligent Catholic priest working for a small, poverty-stricken flock in the midst of a hostile population. The story introduces us to the good priest when he is on his regular Sunday twenty-mile bicycle trip to celebrate a second Mass. This Mass must be offered up in the drab fruit market because there is no Catholic church or chapel in the place.

The final scene is some thirty years later. Father Smith is dying and his last words are to remind the chaplain to tell the people that Sunday Mass will be celebrated in the fish market. Once more there is no church. The one which had finally been erected was in ruins, having been fired by incendiary bombs during an air raid.

When we first meet Father Smith he is engaged in meditating on man's general disregard for spiritual values and the struggle between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. Throughout his ministry this puzzle is uppermost in his mind, and it is on this theme that Bruce Marshall carries along the story of that ministry.

There is no real plot in the book. Rather its thirty-five chapters are sketches of Father Smith's relationships with his bishop, his fellow priests, the exiled French nuns who established a school in the parish, as well as with the good and the bad of his flock and even with some unbelievers. In his conversations with this varied cast and his solitary reflections on the foibles and tragedies of human frailty, Father Smith is revealed as a man who lets nothing discourage or embitter him. He remained throughout the trials of a lifetime a deeply spiritual man dedicated courageously to striving to make the right prevail.

Mr. Marshall is not at all preachy in spite of his making Father Smith a study of genuine goodness. There are shrewd quips at cant and hypocrisy, outspoken defense of Catholic ideals, witty poking of fun at clerical and lay eccentricities, and poignant touching upon the tragedy in human life, but ever present and penetrating the whole is a tender and kindly spirit. It is the kind of book that will not only entertain but will be genially helpful to readers who have not succumbed to cynicism and pessimism in the presence of all too evident human frailty that puzzled but never discouraged Father Smith.

GABRIEL GORMAN, C.P.

THE IDEA OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

By John J. Ryan. 136 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.00

The excellence of Mr. Ryan's book, it seems to the present reviewer, derives chiefly from his appreciation of the basic casualties of a Catholic college. He understands and expounds brilliantly its final cause, which is to fit students not merely for a career in the narrow sense of the term but to enable them to live in every career the life of Christian charity which incorporates them into the Mystical Body of Christ and prepares for the eternal life of glory. It is this final cause that determines the aims and the ideals of the Catholic college, and unless this important point is grasped there can be no appreciation of the Catholic position on the philosophy of education.

The author is no "builder of castles in Spain." He is adequately impressed by the congenital deficiencies of the material (that is, the student) of the Catholic college. At the same time he does not overlook the promising potentialities of that material. The student is a member of the human family. He is neither an ape nor an angel. The correct estimate of what he is and what he can do must ever be correlated with the dogmas of the fall and the redemption of man.

The agencies, formal and efficient, by which the student is to be coached to his perfection here and to his glorification hereafter are adequately, though by no means exhaustively, considered by the author. His chapter "The

Teacher" should be required reading for every Catholic educator. The discussion on the curriculum best suited to attain the end of Catholic education will likely provoke controversy. Most of the objections have been anticipated and answered in the final chapter.

It is interesting to record that Mr. Ryan estimates that with a maximum endowment of about \$1,700,000 "an ideal Catholic college—one with no more than two hundred students" could be established.

Mr. Ryan has written a work which not merely because of similarity of title but because of his masterly handling of his subject suggests comparison with Newman's *Idea of a University*. In simple, yet at times distinguished prose he expounds a philosophy of education which is uncompromisingly Catholic. Perhaps one day *The Idea of a Catholic College* may also come to be regarded as a classic not unworthy to stand beside the great Cardinal's opus.

JOHN GERARD MC MENAMIN, C.P.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE PEOPLE

By H. C. F. Bell. 392 pages. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.00

Many biographies of Woodrow Wilson have appeared in recent years, but Mr. Bell succeeds in giving us something different from the traditional presentation of a man's life. *Woodrow Wilson and the People* is not a chronology of Woodrow Wilson nor is it a record of his achievements. It is rather a study of Woodrow Wilson's aspirations. Beginning with his struggle with the trustees of Princeton University over the elimination of "upperclass eating clubs" and ending with his climactic struggle with the United States Senate over the League of Nations, the author details for us representative instances in the life of this statesman in an effort to lay before us the motive which prompted him to act as he did, namely, the conviction that he was "the people's chief interpreter and mouthpiece" in a struggle for righteousness. For this reason many events in Wilson's life are skimmed over or omitted entirely. Therefore, the book will appeal most to those already familiar with the life and times of President Wilson. Nevertheless, those less familiar with the background of the period will

find the closing section entitled "Getting to Know Wilson in a Well-equipped Library" an invaluable source of general information on the subject.

This is a timely book dealing as it does with the attempts to establish a just and permanent peace after the first World War. It reveals the obstacles that Woodrow Wilson encountered in his efforts to set up machinery for promoting international co-operation. These obstacles were great. Wilson was unable to surmount them both because of his personal failings and because of the fact that the people were not prepared to give full expression to the unselfish ideals which Wilson believed them to possess. To the bitter end, however, Woodrow Wilson stood firm in his belief that there would be a revival of "moral, Christian impulse" among the people which would serve as a basis for the attainment of his ambition—world peace through international co-operation.

FRANCES DOHERTY

WHAT THE SOUTH AMERICANS THINK OF US

By Carleton Beals, Herschel Brickell, Samuel Guy Inman and Bryce Oliver.

378 pages. McBride & Co. \$3.00

Four writers undertake to tell us what our Good Neighbors really think of us in this book. The composite answer seems to be that many, but not all of them, only moderately like us—and even then with quite a few reservations. We can profitably study the ably presented reasons for these numerous reservations, and it also is salutary for us to be warned once more that we can't buy the permanent friendship of Latin Americans. However, it is to be regretted that the symposium details so elaborately the mistakes of our State Department and the cultural attachés of our Bureau of Inter-American Affairs without making any constructive suggestions as to how the more serious errors can be rectified. Frequent references are made by all four writers to the difficulties and complications of our relations with Argentina, but not one offers a formula whereby we can intervene in the internal politics of Argentina (by demanding, for example, that honest elections be held to choose a new government), without inviting the condemnation of all the rest of Latin America for having violated a nation's sovereignty.

The tin monopoly still retains a strangle hold on Bolivia, and Mr. Beals admits that London decides how much tin should be mined and what price will be paid for it. Nevertheless, we intervened in Bolivia, while Britain managed to avoid sharing with us any responsibility for action that inevitably was to be denounced later as another

example of Yankee imperialism. And Mr. Beals himself apparently has harsh criticism for our State Department because it backed "Dictator Peñaranda." He overlooks completely that Britain, while benefiting much more than we do from whatever shameful economic exploitation of the Bolivians the tin cartel may be guilty of, still seems to be letting us take the rap—for not doing something corrective about the political, social, and moral injustices involved.

Similarly, it seems strange that none of the symposium's authors speculates even casually on the possibility that our friendly overtures and official propaganda in South America might not be so blundering and bungling if we now did not have to contend with two Old World rivals—Britain and Soviet Russia—who so recently were our comrades-in-arms in Europe. They might not be so disloyal as to inspire or aid subtle anti-American propaganda in the southern part of the Western Hemisphere, but they are not averse to taking full advantage of it in the fields of commercial and ideological expansion.

If outside pressure is justified by its noble aim to give Argentina a truly democratic regime, why doesn't Britain jointly take some sanctioning step with us, instead of leaving us to face alone the familiar howls of protest about meddling foreign interference?

WILLIAM P. CARNEY

FIGHTING LIBERAL

Autobiography of George W. Norris.

419 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

Fighting Liberal is the life story of the famous Senator from Nebraska, George W. Norris. Dramatically enough, the book was finished just six weeks before he died, dictated in a retirement he had earned and from the vantage point of years where he could see some of his dreams fulfilled.

The early trials of George Norris, simply told, were those of the pioneers of a generation or two before him. As a boy he slept in a loft—and there were many mornings when lines of snow could be found across the floor. His mother spun his clothes by lamplight. He owned but one suit while struggling for an education. And his early law cases in the West were frequently handled for nothing.

To older Americans, his long period of service in the Senate is the history of social legislation in the United States for the past forty years. He led the fight for the common man and succeeded in dethroning Uncle Joe Cannon, the corporations' friend who was Speaker of the House.

His aiding in the Teapot Dome prosecution, the defeat of Vire in Pennsylvania, the long-cherished and fought for Muscle Shoals, and the great power

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projects of the Far West—all are here. It is the story of an honest, vanishing type of American. It is an inspiration.

The book itself could stand better indexing, and there are many places where a good rewrite man might have helped what is obviously dictated work. But the life of the man is a challenge to many.

JOHN O'CONNOR

ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY AND PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

By Michael O'Shaughnessy. 117 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$2.00

This little book offers yet another suggestion for the reorganization of our government, but this time with the emphasis more on the economic and social than on the political structure. After analyzing the relation of economic groups, i.e. pressure lobbies, to the federal government, the author pleads for the formation of a "Supreme Council of Industries and Professions." This body would consist of the seven vocational groups comprising the industrial structure of the country: 1) Industry—manufacturing, mining, and lumbering, 2) Agriculture and animal husbandry, 3) Middlemen, 4) Banking and finance, 5) Transportation, 6) Professions, and 7) Producer and Consumer Co-operatives. It would serve as an advisory body to Congress with the task of working out an integrated national economic program regarding "production and consumption, employment, prices, wages, and profits." Since it would be functioning in the open for all to see, it is argued that the hidden pressures of lobbies which now influence our legislation would be eliminated and at the same time would make possible a more integrated program.

From even so brief a summary as this, which omits the many concrete suggestions offered in the economic field, such as a guaranteed annual wage, it should be evident that this is a book of more than usual interest, and especially to Catholics. For in advocating a vocational organization Mr. O'Shaughnessy is dealing with one of the elements which is an integral part of Catholic social teaching. The Popes have always stressed the vocational idea as a means for establishing self-government in the economic field. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, however, tends to stress its political importance as a means for restoring harmony among the three branches of government and in the nation as a whole. But it is difficult to see how representatives of special interests in a vocational council could be more successful than our Congressmen are now when they are elected (or so they are supposed to be) to promote the general good rather than special interests. And certainly in this respect the ex-

perience of the "corporative States" is not too happy, even though that experience does not provide a real test of vocationalism, for, as pointed out in *Quadragesimo Anno*, the Fascist vocationalism was state dictation rather than self-rule. In this respect Mr. O'Shaughnessy might have profited from the debates that have been taking place in the Irish Free State the past year over the prospective formation of a vocational council.

OTTO BIRD

ONE AMERICA

Edited by Francis J. Brown, Ph.D.
and Joseph Slabey Roucek, Ph.D.

717 pages. Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$5.00

Eight years ago the book *Our Racial and National Minorities* met with wide approval and much success among those who professionally or theoretically were concerned with minority groups in America. The present volume is a complete revision of that book with much matter added and information brought down to the end of 1944.

Divided into five parts, the first is a general summary of the problem of minority groups. The second gives individual attention to individual groups. This is perhaps the most important part of the book from the viewpoint of factual data. Part III looks into the activities of minority groups, such as language broadcasts and press. Part IV analyzes racial and cultural conflicts in the field of education. The final section deals with specific recommendations.

There is a fine spirit of tolerance running through these pages, tolerance and sympathetic understanding. Isolated statements may be questioned, but to anyone interested in furthering cultural harmony this book by far and large will be of unique value.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

PERSONALITY AND SUCCESSFUL LIVING

By James A. Magner. 255 pages.
Bruce Publishing Company \$2.75

The development of a good personality can rightly be designated the whole purpose of life. The first problem is to determine just what constitutes a good personality. In the opening chapter of the present work, Dr. Magner sets forth his fundamental thought on this question. For him personality which will lead to successful living must be developed "along the lines of private and social conduct as taught and practiced by Christ."

In succeeding chapters the author isolates for treatment various personality problems. He deals with the development of self-confidence, self-respect and success, self-discipline and happiness. He has an especially fine chapter on clean living and stability which serves as an

occasion for a sane and candid discussion of sex problems. The effects that association with others can have on personality are treated in Chapter Six and special attention is given to jealousy in a separate chapter. Other important topics treated practically and adequately include the relation of religion to mental health, the application of religious principles to action, cultural growth, personal responsibility, and integrity.

Dr. Magner's endeavor is to show the interrelation of nature and grace. Grace according to Catholic teaching is above and beyond natural gifts, yet it presupposes a natural foundation which it infuses and elevates. The development of natural powers and abilities instead of impeding religious and moral progress can and should go hand in hand in effecting a "union through grace with God."

It is on this latter point that we feel Dr. Magner makes a distinct contribution. In too many books written by Catholics the supernatural is emphasized to the almost complete ignoring of the natural. Dr. Magner succeeds in keeping within a supernatural context without forgetting the light that common sense and psychology contribute to an understanding of human personality in its individual and social aspects.

In *Personality and Successful Living* the reader will find a well-rounded and interesting treatment of a difficult yet very important subject. It is a book that can be unreservedly recommended to those who wish to gain a better understanding of themselves and their potentialities as well as to all who have the responsibility of guiding others toward the goal of successful living.

PHILIP LUDDEN

EVOLUTION OF THE DUTCH NATION

By Bernard H. M. Vlekke. 377 pages.
Roy Publishers. \$3.50

Napoleon once referred to the Netherlands as "nothing but an alluvium of some of the principal rivers of my empire." The inhabitants of this small coastal land have, however, at different periods made world history.

For instance in the seventeenth century: "Already Schiller has been quoted: 'There is no people less disposed to heroism than the Dutch, but the prompting of great ideals made them play a role far beyond their natural capacities.'" It is indeed remarkable that in the course of forty years, this small nation should found New York, then New Amsterdam (1625), Capetown (1652), and Batavia (1619); establish the first summer settlement in the Arctic Seas, Smeerenberg on Spitsbergen; discover Tasmania and New Zealand (1642); sail the Pacific from the Ant-

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Professor Vlekke is one of the European scholars whom the war has brought to the United States. He came here from Rome where he was Secretary General of the Netherlands Government Historical Institute. He has taught at Harvard University and lectured at many institutions of learning in the United States as well as in Europe. As a Catholic, Professor Vlekke was not likely to accept the identification of the Dutch tradition with the Calvinist Protestant tradition, which one finds in many history books. He does not fall either into the opposite extreme, but recognizes with great fairness what Calvinism has meant for the Netherlands.

The seventh chapter of this book, "All This For Freedom's Sake," is undoubtedly the best essay ever written in English on the Dutch Revolution. The twelfth chapter, "The Democratic Kingdom," gives an extraordinarily clear and enlightening description of the problems, trends, and achievements of northern Holland.

WILHELM SOLZBACHER

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE

By Emery Reves. 275 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$2.00

The author's choice of theme—the recognition of the higher authority of world society over that of the individual state—is far above his philosophic competency. He furiously attacks society's natural order, mistaking the evils of exaggerated nationalism for the greed and power-lust which would operate in an arbitrarily established world society much as they do elsewhere. Rejecting a family of states, he insists upon a super-society in which the "nation-states" relinquish all sovereignty. This proposed organization would establish a "universal law to regulate human relationship."

Although the author fails to state who would write this all-important law, he would not have it based upon Christian philosophy, for he charges that "the failure of Christianity as a civilizing force of society is an incalculable tra-

gedy." Says he: "The wholesale murder, torture, persecution, and oppression we are witnessing in the middle of the twentieth century proves the complete bankruptcy of Christianity as a civilizing force. . . . It cannot be denied that Christianity has failed to penetrate the soul of man, to take root in human character." After this, one is not surprised to find him saying: "Institutions derive their sovereignty from where sovereignty resides. In ancient times, in religion, in absolute monarchies—from God. In democracies—from the people." Or: "Internationalism is such a useless word. It is disliked by the great majority of peoples and compromised by its association with the Catholic Church. . . ."

Mr. Reves' interpretations of history and his frequently self-contradictory logic are as unsound, and very often as completely slippery, as his philosophy. Failing to realize that he knows more than he understands, he has labored mountainously to bring forth a mouse—a very futile mouse, full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing.

H. C. MCGINNIS

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE

By Kenneth E. Boulding. 278 pages. Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$3.75

Although *The Economics of Peace* does not make easy reading for "the man in the street," it does give him an understanding of the intricacies of reconstruction economics, if read carefully. First there is a brief survey of the economic situation at the end of the last war and of the inadequate solutions attempted at that time. Then come discussions on the problems of inflation, property ownership, population, and justice in the distribution of goods and wealth. An important section is devoted to the problem of unemployment, and some proposed remedies. The author is clearly in favor of Lord Keynes' monetary proposals as a solution to the depression side of the business cycle, and he adds an interesting "adjustable tax system" of his own. A chapter on international reconstruction shows the need of fostering international trade if we are to maintain full employment at home. Specific attention is drawn to the economic errors of those who still cling to an ideal of *laissez-faire* private enterprise, unhampered by government. The fallacies in Marxian communism are pointed out, and finally there is noted what the author considers to be a leaning toward authoritarianism in co-operative enterprise and even in religious idealism.

Boulding concludes that it is "the lack of security, brought about largely by unemployment and deflation, that makes men barter their freedom for the

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apparent security of regimented society, whether communist, fascist, or 'liberal' (p. 251). He believes manufacturers, unions, political parties, and churches are becoming authoritarian in outlook. They hold conventions "whose representatives gather not to formulate but to receive the policies which executives have previously determined, and which they are then supposed to carry home and retail to subordinates."

Obviously the author is of the opinion that the world's ills will be solved by the elimination of unemployment and deflation, not by clinging to *laissez-faire* ideas, nor by veering toward authoritarian government, nor toward what he considers to be, authoritarianism in private attempts at economic reconstruction. He advocates maintaining capitalism, extending democratic freedom of discussion, and having the government carry out his own modification of Keynes' ideas. Boulding's economic position is debatable, and Catholic readers will wish to have more thought given to the moral and general aspects of our life on earth. Their knowledge, however, of economic needs, and especially of economic means to fulfill those needs will undoubtedly be made more precise and scientific by reading and thinking over this really worthwhile book.

EVA J. ROSS

UP FRONT

By Bill Mauldin. 228 pages. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00

Up Front is a collection of the Willie and Joe cartoons which have become familiar through being syndicated in many American newspapers. Bill Mauldin, the creator of Willie and Joe, contributes a text which does more than give the reason behind the cartoons. It is no exaggeration to say that Mauldin has caught the horror of war and gives an accurate account of the experiences of the men who have to face its awful reality day after day. In an easy yet vivid style, he makes one realize just what it means to the "doughfoot" or "dogface," or in other words to the ordinary infantryman to be "up front."

Willie and Joe, Mauldin's main characters, are far from glamorous, but this is because there is no glamour in the infantryman's life. Other branches of the service get more headlines, but the infantry still remains the most important combat unit. Tanks, planes, and artillery help him, but ultimately it is the infantryman who captures and holds territory. The grimness of this task and the hardship it entails have about them very little humor in the sense of being funny. That is why Mauldin's Willie and Joe are not funny though they may experience some humorous interludes in the midst of a task they are heartily sick of.

Up Front is the best book of its kind on the war to appear so far. Most likely it will remain so. It can take its place as a permanent record of what war really means for the infantryman who still has to slug it out with the best the enemy has.

ADRIAN REYNOLDS

THE PRISONER

By Ernst Lothar. 308 pages. Doubleday, Doran & Company. \$2.75

Most novelists who have written about the Nazis have made them so preposterous as to destroy the possibilities of belief, but in *The Prisoner*, Ernst Lothar has succeeded in drawing an authentic portrait of a young Viennese boy who is being re-educated by the Nazis. Youth wants nothing more than to devote itself, and so the boy marches with thousands of other Hitler youth, thrilled by the ideals of courage and devotion, in spite of the fact that his father has been killed in a concentration camp. But when a bit later he is wrongly accused of theft, he finds that justice has fled the land with the coming of the Nazis and that truth is what men, for reasons of expediency, want to believe.

The story is narrated by a college professor, presumably the author, who is called to a prison camp near the Rockies to hear the story of his young compatriot, who, as a prisoner of war in America, is still being persecuted by the Nazis. Though interesting, the book falls short on two counts. First of all, it is one-sided propaganda. Everywhere the Jews are the innocent victims of the Nazis, as indeed they were, but the Christians have been so conditioned as to share in the guilt of the Nazis. No word of the bitter persecution of Catholics and other Christians appears in the book. The second defect of the novel is the manner in which the story is told. The frame is awkward and the shifts in point of view are not convincing.

The book is timely, nothing more.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

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Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

So Well Remembered by James Hilton

► Once again, under a new name, we meet the scheming, possessive, almost demonic woman who makes her own rules of conduct and strives to bend everyone to her warped will. She has been unconscionably overworked in recent fiction and has earned a long rest, if not retirement. Mr. Hilton calls her Livia Channing, places her in an English mill town, and rather tediously recounts the havoc she wrought in the lives of three generations of men: her father, her two husbands, and her son.

Masterful though Livia is, she is not the character who captures and holds what interest the reader can generate. That honor falls to George Boswell, her first husband, a plain, self-educated, hard-working, civic-minded man who rescued her from the consequences of her father's strange death, only to have her damage his political prospects, desert him, and marry Jeff Winslow. Her effect on the career of this second husband was even more disastrous. She would have continued her destruction in the case of her son by Winslow, had not George met the boy, liked him and been liked in turn, and acted decisively to thwart Livia at last.

Little of the Hilton story-telling skill is evident here to put a sheen on threadbare material. Doubtless, the Hollywood writers charged with making it into a vehicle for, say, Bette Davis will find it ideal for their purposes. By the way, among those present is a priest who, while not hostilely depicted, talks as no priest of my acquaintance ever does. (Little, Brown. \$2.50)

Rickshaw Boy by Lau Shaw

► The orphaned, friendless, and penniless Happy Boy came to Peking when he was nineteen years old. His ambition was to own a rickshaw. He was big, strong, pleasant, frugal, ambitious, industrious. He thought that, in planning his future, he had taken all factors into account and was able and ready to cope with them. But he found that life has an inexhaustible repertoire of appalling tricks to play on one; that one's will often clashes with, and is defeated by, those of others; and that

the social order is rigged against the poor and the weak so that they are always kept in bondage. His particular nemesis was an ugly woman, Tiger Girl by name, much his senior, who tricked him into marriage and all but ruined him. Quite as crippling to him was his complete confidence in the power and value of money. His one chance for happiness he let slip, and, at the close of the book, he is desperately clinging to its remnants, perhaps too late.

This novel is not wholly successful as an account of the changes effected in its principal character. Indeed, all its characters tend to be types rather than persons. What is memorable is the portrayal of Chinese society in a great city some years ago. There are overtones of Socialist argumentation in the story, and not a few startlingly crude words and phrases are introduced. The over-all impression that life is meaningless makes *Rickshaw Boy* far from cheerful reading.

(Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.75)

The Leper King by Zofia Kossak

► Mme. Kossak's mastery of the art of the historical novel is better evidenced by this book than by her more touted *Blessed Are the Meek*. Her subject here is the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem at the close of the twelfth century. The zeal and valor of the Crusaders had, some time before, wrested the Holy City from the infidel and put the holy places again in the hands of Christians. This had been a glorious work, and was still admirably regarded in the Western world, which felt that proximity to the scenes of Christ's life and death would quite automatically keep the Crusaders' successors good and valiant. But, as Mme. Kossak vividly demonstrates, this was far from being the case.

The kingdom was rotted by human passion, by pettiness, by lust for power, and by a derangement akin to diabolism. Her narrative recreates the last days of Baldwin IV, dying of leprosy but intent on the welfare and perpetuation of his kingdom, as others, as corrupt in spirit as he was in body, were not. The struggle for dominance is strikingly de-

picted, with all the somewhat dizzying complications made clear. The end of the kingdom crashes on the reader with the impact of a catastrophe in which he is personally involved. And, upon closing the book, one is haunted by Saladin's conclusion, after he has beaten the Christians whose God he secretly respects: "Why did God betray and forsake the Christians? . . . Perhaps . . . it was the Christians who forsook God." (Roy. \$2.50)

The Fates Are Laughing by W. P. Crozier

► The fates get their amusement from the miscarriage of the plans of Romans of high estate and low in the thirties of the first century A.D. The background of the city and the empire is extensive and thickly populated, and Mr. Crozier is skillful in painting it in. The spotlighted people in the foreground, considerably less engaging, are the members, friends, and slaves of two senatorial families. The son of one loves the daughter of another. She will not have him and marries as her heart directs. The rejected suitor refuses to be denied. For a time he is thwarted by political circumstances adverse to his family, but eventually it looks as if fortune will favor him. The dénouement is as fast and furious as that of a six-shooter epic.

If one wearies of this conventional central theme, one finds compensation in the lively and, for the most part, historically sound picture of the Eternal City at the mercy of two erratic rulers, Tiberius and Gaius. Sometimes, especially early in the book, the author seems to be pointing, with a nice satiric touch, parallels between first-century Rome and our own times. He rather goes out of his way to bring Pontius Pilate into his pages and to have Pilate say things entirely at odds with the Gospel: e.g., that he arranged to have Christ's body removed from the tomb. Equally apocryphal and irreconcilable with the authentic record are remarks put in the mouth of St. Peter.

(Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00)

A Durable Fire by Dorothy James Roberts

The Wayfarers by Dan Wickenden

► After she had read some modern novels, Glee Vanny, the heroine of Miss Roberts' story, reflected on "the men who could gather up the multiple acts of life and see in them a meaningful theme, and then rearrange them so the theme emerged and the acts dropped into harmonic backgrounds." In thinking thus, Glee was formulating an excellent definition of the novel, one which is exemplified by both Miss Roberts' work and that of Mr. Wickenden.

Miss Roberts returns to the scene of her first book, Malice Landing, Ohio, to tell of Glee's metamorphosis. She was the plain, clumsy daughter of an unhappy marriage. Her father was a man of breadth, depth, and originality; her mother was small-minded, wanting life to duplicate exactly the romantic serials in the women's magazines. Glee, with so much of her father in her, baffled and exasperated her mother and her mother's ultra-respectable family. Her father's death left her alone, but she had an inchoate desire and need to be an artist, probably a writer.

When her mother married again, this time getting precisely the kind of husband she deserved, Glee left home, though she was but eighteen, and went to live on the farm willed her by her father. There, in seclusion and arduous work, she tried to find her way to self-realization and self-expression. Eventually she succeeded, but it was at great cost, for she had to cope not only with those unsympathetic, but also with those imperfectly sympathetic, as well as with her own faculty for disastrous mistakes. Part of the process of her finding herself was living with a man she refused to marry, and in this particular Miss Roberts' thoughtful and well-written novel comes down to the bathetic level of several hundred pieces of claptrap which exploit the sophomoric thesis that artistic maturity comes by way of sexual relations without benefit of clergy.

Mr. Wickenden is telling of the Bryant family, residents of a midwestern city during the depression. The father, Norris Bryant, a newspaperman, all but abdicated life when, ten years before, his wife Laura died. He took to drink and neglected his duty to his growing children. When finally he emerged from his alcoholic trance, he found them estranged from him and each grappling with problems of his or her own. Charlie had made a wretched marriage; Laurette was as cheap as the night clubs she sang in; Patricia was in danger of wrecking her life through ignorance; and Joel, at thirteen, was stolidly pursuing his own way.

Norris' attempts to be helpful were almost defeated by gossip representing the idealized Laura as having been different from what he had always maintained. Long-gathering tension comes to a head. To some of the Bryants its resolution brings happiness; to one tragedy. Mr. Wickenden's reputation will be enhanced by this painstaking and perceptive, if overlong, novel, which is authentic in its details but thin and twisted in the philosophy of life that, however unobtrusively, it enunciates.

(Macmillan. \$2.75)

(Morrow. \$2.75)

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Standard courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.
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eration with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cin-
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Courses—Pre-Flight Aeronautics. Very moderate
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High School and Grades
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Affiliation with Catholic University
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Address: Mother Superior

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Accredited by the West Virginia State Depart-
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Commercial Courses. Intermediate Depart-
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Co-educational Day School Residence for GIRLS
High School and Preparatory Departments State Ac-
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of Secondary Schools.
Address: The Registrar

VOCATIONAL DIRECTORY

The Franciscan Fathers of the Third
Order Regular of Saint Francis now offer
special advantages and opportunities to
boys ever fourteen years of age, who
wish to study for the Priesthood. For in-
formation, write to Rev. Father Superior,
T.O.R., 1300 Newton Street, N.E., Wash-
ington 17, D.C.

THE STIGMATINE FATHERS

Preparation for Religious Priesthood.
High School and College applicants ac-
cepted. Aspirants to Lay-Brotherhood
may also apply.

THE STIGMATINE FATHERS

554 Lexington St. Waltham, Mass.



**FELLOWS, give
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"BEST" service!**

Train boys and young men
to be God-fearing citizens.
Only such make and keep a
country "GOOD!"

Brothers of the Sacred Heart
specialize in this service!

High School Graduates,
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This is
YOUR OPPORTUNITY
(up to age of 23)

If sincerely interested in
being a Religious Brother
WRITE TO
Reverend Brother Recruiter
Brothers of the Sacred Heart
METUCHEN, New Jersey

BOYS WANTED

THE FRANCISCAN CONVENTUAL FATHERS
Welcome zealous Boys anxious to devote their lives
as Franciscan preachers, pastors, teachers, writers,
home and foreign missionaries. Free booklet upon
request. Write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial
812 N. Salina St. Syracuse, New York

MOST HOLY TRINITY FATHERS

offer to young Men and Boys the opportu-
nity to study for the Order. Lack of Funds
no impediment. Candidates for the religious
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For further information write to

Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.S.S.T.
Sacred Heart Monastery, Park Heights Avenue
Pikesville, (Baltimore-8), Maryland

The Holy Family Fathers

of ST. LOUIS, MO., 7900 CLAYTON RD.
will accept graduates of elementary schools
and men of character, even of advanced
age, who desire to become Missionaries of
the Holy Family. Missions at home and
abroad. Please indicate your age and studies
so far pursued.

Address the Very Rev. Superior

FRANCISCAN

Missionary Brothers
of the Sacred Heart
devote themselves to caring for the sick
and needy. Young men between the ages
of 18 and 35, who desire to consecrate
their life to God in this service, are in-
vited to correspond with

Rev. Brother Superior
St. Joseph Monastery Eureka, Missouri

THE HOME MISSIONERS OF AMERICA

A pioneer Society established to labor for
conversions in the Thousand Counties of
No Priest Land, U. S. A., and among the
Hundred Million non-Catholics of our
beloved country.

Correspondence solicited with those con-
sidering missionary careers as

PRIESTS BROTHERS SISTERS

Booklet—On Request

VERY REV. W. HOWARD BISHOP, Superior
Glendale, Ohio



Walter Winchell

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I must confess that I was not acquainted
with THE SIGN until I managed to borrow
a copy of the July issue containing the
article on one Walter Winchell. I had heard
so many friends speaking about it I just
had to read it myself. I don't know how
your readers can thank you enough for
running this rapier thrust into the bloated
balloon of Winchell's fabled importance
in guiding the destiny of us poor men in
the street.

RICHARD GAFFEY

Seattle, Wash.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the course of the years I have read
many an article debunking men who
needed very much to be debunked. But
never to the best of my memory have I
read an article that accomplished the pur-
pose quite so deftly as did John S. Ken-
nedy's analysis of Winchell. It is a master-
piece. . . .

RONALD MCKEON

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

With serene charity and utterly no
venom, John S. Kennedy has managed to
unfrock the high priest of the airwaves
and the pontiff in print, Walter Winchell.
With calm detachment and unstrident de-
liberation, the author of "A Bolt From the
Blue" has given a profile that is just, chari-
table, Christian, and, well, magnificent. I
think the passage that summarized best
the point I am trying to make is: "He
goes from the world scene to the boudoir
in a flash. And always seems more at home
when he gets there." That is a masterpiece
of charitable understatement that gives the
gist of Winchell's character, and does it
superbly.

JOHN MILLS LEE

Scarsdale, N.Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN and John S. Kennedy cannot
be congratulated enough on the splendid
piece on Winchell in the July issue. I
could take statement by statement and ap-
plaud. It's a splendid job. And as a man
who knows whereof he speaks, may I in
particular applaud the fact that the article
brought out that it is honest men who
are so often maligned, and believe you me
I know several around town who would
be capable of mayhem if they met Win-
chell face to face on the corner of Broad-
way and Forty-second St. at high noon.

Congratulations again for doing such a gentlemanly job on a man who is no gentleman according to any definition I know of.

New York, N.Y.

JAMES R. FENTON

Magazines for All

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the June issue of THE SIGN, I read with interest the article by R. A. Greene—"Experiment in Middletown."

For many years I have had a free Catholic and farm magazine rack here at St. Joseph's Church. In the vestibule of the church are two tables, one to the right and the other to the left. On the table to the right as you enter are late editions of these magazines. People are instructed to take home for a week the magazines they choose, read them, bring them back the next Sunday and replace them on the table to the right. As new issues come in the old ones are transferred to the table to the left from which they may be taken home to be kept. The supply of magazines is kept up by some 20 magazines for which I subscribe personally and by parishioners who bring their magazines after having read them and place them on the table to the right. There is no offering of any kind connected with this arrangement.

REV. NICHOLAS A. HASSEL
Princeton, Indiana

God and Moral Evil

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to congratulate you on the answer in "The Sign Post" of June 1945 titled "God and Moral Evil." One can read many books on the problem of evil without reaching the heart of the problem so succinctly stated in the next to the last paragraph of your answer.

As a matter of fact, too many answers leave the questioner stymied but unsatisfied because of their energetic defense of free will and its consequences. They overlook the fact that the real question is, as you stated, "Why does God submit man to a probation?"

The unfortunate result of this misplaced defense is that the questioner goes away feeling that someone is trying to pull the wool over his eyes. It is poor pedagogy and worse theology to answer in such a way as to imply that there is no mystery in a problem which is perhaps the most poignant mystery of all, humanly speaking.

REV. VINCENT A. BROWN
Brooklyn, New York

Oriental Strategy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have enjoyed reading your comments on the San Francisco Conference and was delighted with the article, "New World A-borning" by that veteran journalist, Neil MacNeil.

It was quite patent that the procedure of the Russians at the Conference was to make excessive demands, to hold out for them for some time amidst flutterings of anxiety lest they withdraw unless they were granted, and then to back down among

They Also Serve . . .

AVOCATION to the Brotherhood, as to the Priesthood, is a grace from God. One who has the right intention of dedicating his life to the Divine Master by the vows of religion, might well ask himself whether God is offering him this grace.

Any applicant who is interested in becoming a Passionist Brother is requested to write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. P.
5700 No. Harlem Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

The Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph

conduct the St. Bernard's and the St. George's Hospitals, Chicago, Illinois. Young Ladies interested in devoting their lives in Religion to the care of the sick, address, Rev. Mother Superior, 6337 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Is Our Lord calling you to save souls?

The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis care for God's sick and poor that souls may be brought to Heaven. They also have missions in China. Candidates desirous of sharing in this work are invited to write to:

REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL
St. Francis Convent Springfield, Illinois

YOUNG LADIES desiring to enter the Religious Life and devote their time and energy to the care of the sick in hospitals may join the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. For particulars write to: Mother Provincial, Mount Alverno Convent, Warwick, N. Y., or to: Sister Superior, St. Francis Hospital, East 142nd Street, New York City.

Christ's Medical Corps Needs Recruits

THE ALEXIAN BROTHERS serve as a medical unit in Christ's Army of Religious. Detailed to conduct hospitals for men and boys, the Brothers, through silent example and active charity, give spiritual aid to souls.

Young men of courage will find the fulfillment of their vocational ideal in the life of an Alexian Brother. Recruits eager to participate in this great work of mercy are urged to communicate with the — —

ALEXIAN BROTHERS NOVITIATE
108 James Blvd. Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Jesuit Brothers

Men over 18, who do not wish to become priests but feel called to Religious life and are willing to work as members of the Society of Jesus, are invited to write to Father John A. Hughes, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York 58, N. Y. Please give age, education, and reason for requesting information. Jesuit Brothers do not study or teach. They help in temporal concerns in the colleges or on the foreign missions.

DO YOU WISH TO BECOME A PRIEST?

We welcome to our Society zealous young men anxious to devote their lives as Salvatorian Priests to the Apostolate of parish-missions, retreats, lectures; to the education of the laity and of aspirants to the priesthood; to the cause of the Catholic Press, etc.

Graduates of the elementary school, and such as have had some or complete high school or college, or are advanced in years, are welcome to correspond immediately. Advanced students but deficient in Latin credits receive special courses. If you are too poor to pay the full fees we shall seek to solve your problem through the aid of special benefactors.

Such as have had six years of Latin enter the novitiate immediately. No charges. Write to the address below indicating age and extent of education.

FATHER PROVINCIAL, SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE SAVIOR
SALVATORIAN SEMINARY
ST. NAZIANZ, WISCONSIN

The Hospitaller Brothers of St. John of God

The Hospitaller Brothers, founded by St. John of God in Spain in 1537, have, during all these years without interruption, administered to the sick and poor, both at home and on the Missions.

Here is an opportunity for young Americans desirous of consecrating themselves to Almighty God in the Religious Life, to be of very valuable service to the Church and society, because this Religious Order embraces every form of Catholic Action. Further particulars may be obtained from the Superior Provincial, at the Monastery and Novitiate of St. John of God, 2025 West Adams Boulevard, Telephone—Los Angeles 7, California.

The Sisters of the Little Company of Mary

devote their lives to the care and assistance of the sick and dying. Candidates between 17 and 30 years of age are accepted. For further information write to The Little Company of Mary Novitiate, San Pierre, Indiana or to The Little Company of Mary Hospital, Evergreen Park, Illinois.

Sisters of St. Francis

OLDENBURG, INDIANA
"LEARN OF ST. FRANCIS TO
PUT IDEALS INTO ACTION."

Are you interested in Religious Life? Do you desire to help spread Christ's Kingdom on earth by teaching the little ones, the orphans, by social work, by work among the Indians, the Negroes, as well as the White children? If so, obtain details by writing to:

REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL, O.S.F.
Immaculate Conception Convent Oldenburg, Ind.

PERHAPS GOD WANTS YOU

to be a Sister of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross. This notice may be His invitation. So send today for a copy of "Congratulations, Peggy!" which tells how wonderful such a vocation can be, whatever the work you would like to do for God. For your copy, write to

Mother General
Loretto Motherhouse Nerinx, Ky.

THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS

of Calais have now a Novitiate at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Their work comprises every duty relative to the care of the sick in Hospital. Young ladies interested should correspond with the

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium
Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Be an ANGEL of MERCY in Foreign Fields

This is a MISSIONARY CONGREGATION, all of whose members are destined to work in either the Islands of the Pacific or in the British West Indies, engaging in the catechetical, medical, educational and social work of the more primitive missions, and in care of lepers. If you are between 17½ and 35, and have good will, good health, love of God, and the spirit of sacrifice, you are invited to write to:

Missionary Sisters of The Society of Mary
St. Theresa's Convent, Bedford, Mass.

HAVE YOU A DARING MISSIONARY SPIRIT ?

The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God train candidates for active service in their teaching, nursing, and social work, in home and foreign missions. Write to: Rev. Mother General, Convent of the Immaculate Conception, New Street, Post Office Box 1858, Paterson, N. J.

SISTERS OF REPARATION of the CONGREGATION of MARY

Young ladies desiring to serve God in the service of the poor and friendless may write to

REV. MOTHER JOSEPHA,
143 W. 14th Street New York 11, N. Y.

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

THE SISTERS OF THE POOR OF ST. FRANCIS

under the inspiration of the gentle Saint of Assisi welcome suitable candidates in their Apostolate of mercy which includes the care of the poor and the sick in their homes and in hospitals.

Would you like to consecrate your life humbly and simply to Christ for the poor and afflicted?

Write to: MOTHER PROVINCIAL

St. Clare Convent Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A SISTER?

—to enter a congregation young in the Church, whose apostolic work lends itself to the varied talents and tastes of the modern girl who would realize in her own life the Christ-life in one of its highest expressions? Would you like to teach? to become a nurse? to catechize? to work in the home or foreign missions? or like Mary of Nazareth devote yourself to domestic duties? Write to Mother M. Ottilia, Sor. D.S., St. Mary's Convent, 3516 West Center Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who receives postulants into the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Savior.

VOCATIONS

Young Ladies interested in Religious Life are invited to write for interesting booklet on Religious Vocation, published by The Sisters of the Love of Jesus, O.S.B., St. Mary's Priory, 270 Government St., Victoria, B.C., Canada.

Candidates seeking admission to the Novitiate are welcome. There is no age limit.

ST. ANN'S INFANT ASYLUM

2300 K STREET N. W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

offers one year course in Child Care, together with trained practical home nursing. Those interested may communicate with Sister Directress for further particulars.

hosannahs of praise for their spirit of compromise.

As an illustration of this procedure I think you will enjoy a story which one of your writers, William Henry Chamberlin, tells in the *New Leader*. According to this story, a poor peasant goes to the village priest, complains of his hard life, and asks what to do about it. The priest advises him to take a pig into his already overcrowded hut. Coming back after a week, the peasant declares that the pig makes life still more difficult. The priest tells him to take in a goat. After another week the peasant comes crying, declaring that life is quite unendurable. "Take out the goat," says the priest, "and come back after a few days." The peasant returns a few days later much more cheerful. "Now take out the pig," says the priest, and the peasant, relieved of this second burden, experiences a feeling of profound happiness, even though he is back exactly where he was at the beginning.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

W. B. SEAMAN

Not an Ally

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have enjoyed reading in your articles and editorials a sharp and accurate appraisal of the role of Soviet Russia in present international affairs. I note that adverse criticism of your policy in this matter, as reflected in your "Letters" department, confines itself to generalities and rests chiefly on the presumption that we should not criticize our ally. We Americans are proud of our right—and exercise it—of criticizing our own government. What possible valid reason can there be for exempting Soviet Russia from criticism? The Russians have no qualms of conscience about berating us for what they don't like.

In any case, the reason given is no longer valid, as Soviet Russia is not at war. She is at present on friendly terms with our enemies, the Japs, and therefore is not our ally.

Boston, Mass.

JAMES ROY

Combat Soldiers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Augustine P. McCarthy, C.P., reviewing the book *Soldier to Civilian* by George K. Pratt, makes the following statement about combat soldiers: "War will have taught them to become expert savages with an instinct sharpened to kill." After more than a year of actual contact with warfare on land, on the sea, and even from the air, I feel that I understand the psychology of the fighting man. I strongly suspect that your reviewer does not. The moralist Samuel Jackson was of the opinion that "judgment, not enthusiasm or descriptive recreation, was the business of the critic." The killing of the enemy is to the American soldier a very necessary but distasteful job which he is longing to quit as soon as possible. He kills, not from "instinct," but from a conviction of the need, and is therefore not to be classified as a "savage," expert or otherwise.

Allow me another pertinent quotation. It is from Bill Cunningham's column in *The Boston Herald*. He is describing the mus-

tering out of battle veterans under the point system. "They were a fine looking crowd of men, and a perfect refutation of all the bilge that has been written and spoken about 'the problem of the returned veteran.'"

If I survive this war, I hope to return by the side of the men I have learned to know under fire and I shall not have to be ashamed of them.

CHAPLAIN

Galaxy in a Volume

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was only last week that I finally got last year's volume of *THE SIGN* bound. What a splendid book of reference it makes! The thought that struck me as I paged through was this: here is a galaxy of top-flight writers such as few magazines and certainly no Catholic ones in this country can boast.

It might not be a bad idea just to mention a few at random that I came across in that one volume: Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, Don Luigi Sturzo, Michael Kent, Hallett Abend, Thomas Kernan, Ross Hoffman, Katherine Burton, William Henry Chamberlin, Eddie Doherty, Msgr. Fulton Sheen, H. G. Quaritch Wales, Helen Walker Homan. And among the short story writers such masters as Achmed Abdullah, Michael Foster, James B. Connolly, Brassil Fitzgerald, Michael McLaverty. I could go on almost endlessly.

The point I'd like to make is this: *THE SIGN* is the best two dollar investment for entertainment, information, and opinion I have ever made. Good luck and appreciation.

J. J. FROMIER

New Orleans, La.

Twenty Years' Enjoyment

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Twenty years is a long time to be a reader of a magazine. Yet it will be twenty years this June that I received my first copy of *THE SIGN*. I have yet to miss an issue. I have watched it grow and have been overjoyed at its constant excellence. Improvements are merely adornments now, a case of gilding the lily. I guess that is the wrong expression, for I don't mean the lily is spoiled at all!

What has impelled me to write is the fact that I have not noticed any remarks in your letters column about your illustrated anecdotes and panels. These are one improvement on your essential worth that I think calls for a round of applause. Thanks a lot for twenty years' enjoyment now spiced with aperitifs. I look for these anecdotes first of all now. They put me in a fitting mood for the more substantial fare you always offer.

MARY COLLINS

Bridgeport, Conn.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Luxury-
Tax
Pennies

C Christmas 1¢ Club for C hrist

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Dear Father Emmanuel:

Enclosed you will find a Money Order for nine dollars, the contents of my mite box. My mite box is a little the worse for handling so will you please send me another one?

My husband and I do not smoke, but since the cigarette shortage he picks up a few packages when and where he can and we sell them to our friends and put the money in the mite box, because if we did smoke we would spend that much anyway. My friends know this and often drop in a quarter instead of the seventeen cents they actually cost.

A Friend

Dear Members,

The note from "A Friend" suggested another angle on the mite box—"collector of luxury taxes." A mite box can grow fat on such a diet. The possibilities are endless. Treat your mite box to a cocktail now and then, and a movie.

It won't be quite so hard if you keep our Missionaries in mind. To them a cocktail means an insipid cup of tea. The last time they saw a movie may have been five, ten, fifteen years ago. And do you remember reading in THE SIGN about the Sister who made a lifesaver last all day by tasting it, then placing it under a glass for awhile; then another little taste, and so on?

One of our Club Members puts a nickel in her mite box every time she goes to a movie. That's the spirit!

God bless you.

Sincerely,

Father Emmanuel, C.P.

New Members receive:

A copy of the new Sunday Missal
I PRAY THE MASS

The spiritual benefits of twelve
Novenas of Masses

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

Name

Street

City State.....

The Boy with the Hoe



THE hoe is his pen and his sword. With it he will scratch his history in the furrows of the earth. With it he will fight his battle for existence. His hoe will win what this life holds for him.

This life. . . .

Our Chinese boy has a long row to hoe. It stretches ahead of him, to the dull horizon of a

bleak and empty paganism. What has he to live for, beyond what he can dig out of the earth with his hoe?

OUR Missionaries have the answer to that question. In the midst of China's pagan horde they hold aloft the Cross of Jesus Christ. With unwearying insistence they re-echo the call of the Son of God: "Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest."

It is not an easy task for the Missionaries. They must break down barriers of prejudice and suspicion. They must endure physical hardship comparable to soldiers on the field of battle. They need the prayers and financial aid of their friends here at home.

Please send an offering, large or small, to:

The Passionist Missions in China
The Sign **Union City, N. J.**

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